

ANNALS
OF THE
NICKERSON HOME
FOR CHILDREN,

No. 14 TYLER STREET.

VOL. XLVIII.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hands to do it."

Published by a Committee of the Society.

BOSTON:

GUNN, CURTIS & CO., PRINTERS, No. 30 HAWLEY STREET.

1883.





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BOARD OF OFFICERS FOR 1883-'84.

PRESIDENT:

MRS. S. E. DAWES.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

MRS. SUSAN B. HOLWAY,
MISS F. BOSWELL,
MRS. F. S. KETTELLE,

MRS. E. L. VAN HORN,
MRS. A. S. HODGKINS,
REV. MRS. CHAS. ADAMS,

MRS. E. A. WILSON.

TREASURER:

MRS. SUSAN B. HOLWAY.

SECRETARY:

MRS. G. M. DAWSON.

TRUSTEES:

MRS. S. E. DAWES,
MRS. SUSAN B. HOLWAY,
MRS. M. S. HOLWAY,

MRS. A. S. HODGKINS,
MRS. G. M. DAWSON.

AUDITING COMMITTEE:

MRS. S. E. DAWES.

MRS. L. M. TUKEY.

MANAGERS:

MISS F. BOSWELL,
MRS. E. A. WILSON,
MRS. E. L. VAN HORN,
MRS. A. S. HODGKINS,
MRS. E. BUMSTEAD,
REV. MRS. M. S. BRIDGE,

MRS. M. S. HOLWAY,
MRS. G. M. DAWSON,
MRS. L. M. TUKEY,
MRS. E. H. RYDER,
MRS. GEORGE N. DAVIS,
MRS. W. P. BRADBURY.

MATRON:

MRS. NANCY WORMELL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All letters of business relating to the Society,—for receiving children to the Home, &c., — may be directed to Mrs. S. E. DAWES, No. 14 Tyler Street.

All letters relating to the financial affairs of the Society, may be directed to Mrs. SUSAN B. HOLWAY, care of M. S. HOLWAY, Esq., Internal Revenue Office, Post Office Building, Boston, or 139 Shurtleff Street, Chelsea.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty.

AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE LADIES' AMERICAN HOME-EDUCATION SOCIETY AND TEMPERANCE UNION.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled,
by authority of the same, as follows :*

SECTION 1. SARAH HAYWOOD, SUSAN B. HOLWAY, FRANCES S. KETTELLE, RUTH SEV-
ERANCE, their associates and successors, are hereby made a corporation, by the name of the
"LADIES' AMERICAN HOME-EDUCATION SOCIETY AND TEMPERANCE UNION," to be established
in Boston, in the County of Suffolk, for the purpose of establishing a Home and a school, to aid in
the support and education of indigent youth, with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all
the duties, restrictions and liabilities set forth in the forty-fourth chapter of the Revised Statutes.

SECTION 2. Said corporation may receive and take by purchase, grant, devise, bequest, or
donation, any real or personal property, and hold the same for the purpose aforesaid, and may
manage and dispose of the same according to their discretion, provided that the whole amount of
real and personal property held and possessed by the said corporation shall not exceed in value at
any one time the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, April 15, 1850.

Passed to be enacted.

ENSIGN H. KELLOGG, *Speaker.*

IN SENATE, April 16, 1850.

Passed to be enacted.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, *President.*

Approved.

April 16, 1850.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, April 18, 1850.

I hereby certify the forgoing to be a true copy of the original act.

WM. TUFTS, *Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth.*

AN ACT

TO CHANGE THE NAME OF THE "LADIES' AMERICAN HOME-EDUCATION SOCIETY AND TEMPERANCE UNION."

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled,
and by the authority of the same, as follows :*

SECTION 1. The "Ladies' American Home Education Society and Temperance Union,"
a corporation established in Boston, under the provisions of chapter two hundred and eleven of
the acts of the year eighteen hundred and fifty, shall be known as the "Nickerson Home for
Children," on and after the first day of April, eighteen hundred and eighty.

SECTION 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved March 11, 1880.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I, A. B., do give and bequeath to the "NICKERSON HOME FOR CHILDREN,"
the sum of _____ for the use and benefit of said
Institution, to be applied by the Board of Managers thereof to the general
object of the Home. And I do direct that a receipt, signed by the President
and Treasurer shall be a sufficient discharge.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1. This Home shall be called the NICKERSON HOME FOR CHILDREN.

ART. 2. Its object shall be to provide a home for destitute children, especially half orphans, when their homes are suddenly broken up by death, where they can enjoy all the comforts of a well regulated family, and be instructed, not only physically, but intellectually and religiously. For the privilege of such a home, a small board will be required, which, although not enough for the child's support, will serve to give to parents the feeling that he or she is doing what they can for the support of their little ones. A limited number of children, which will be increased as our means shall permit, will be admitted to the Home free of charge. Parents or friends may visit the children at the Home, or may remove them from it whenever their circumstances will warrant their assuming their children's support.

ART. 3. Any person paying one dollar annually shall be a member. The payment of twenty-five dollars at one time, shall constitute a life membership.

ART. 4. The officers of this Society shall be a President and Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer and Auditors, and sixteen Managers, one of whom shall officiate as Librarian. Five shall be chosen annually as Trustees, of whom the President, Secretary and Treasurer shall constitute a part. At any regular meeting convened, any number of the Officers and Managers present may be competent to proceed with the business in thirty minutes after the appointed hour, and five may constitute a quorum.

ART. 5. It shall be the duty of the President, in concurrence with the Committee, to call all special meetings, and to preside at meetings of the Board of Managers, each of which is to be opened with prayer. In the absence of the President, one of the Vice-Presidents shall preside.

ART. 6. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of all the proceedings of the Society and Board of Managers; and at each meeting for business she shall read the record of the last preceding meeting. She shall, on special occasions, notify the members of the Board, and shall assist in any other duties the Board of Managers may assign.

ART. 7. The Treasurer shall keep an account of the money received and expended, and shall present the bills due against the Home at each meeting of the Board, to be approved by them and signed by the President. She shall make a written report annually to the Managers. Such assistance shall be allowed to the Treasurer in collecting of funds, keeping of books, etc., as the Board of Managers shall deem expedient.

ART. 8. There shall be an Annual Meeting of the Board of Managers held the first Thursday in October, at 2½ o'clock, P. M., when the officers shall be chosen once in five years; but the office of each lady will only be held by the faithful fulfilment of their official duties. An Annual Report of the Secretary and Treasurer shall be presented, the report from the Board of Managers read, vacancies upon the Board filled, and such other business transacted as may come before them. Meetings of the Managers are holden at 3 o'clock, P. M., on the first Thursday of every month; Quarterly Meetings of the Board of Managers the first Thursday of October, January, April and July, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Home.

ART. 9. It shall be the duty of some one or two of the Trustees to meet weekly or oftener at the Home, to see that suitable provision is made for the support and instruction of the family, and to take charge of the financial affairs generally pertaining to the Home; to transact business, so far as practicable, with individuals who may wish to place children under the patronage of the Home, together with other important daily visits made at the Home, which require to be recorded and promptly reported at the meetings of the Board of Managers for their action.

ART. 10. Amendments may be made to this Constitution by a majority of the members present at the Annual Meeting.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Esties, Amesbury Mills.
 Mrs. A. Walker, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
 Mrs. A. Noyes, Georgetown.
 Mrs. Tenney, Windsor, Vt.
 Mrs. Deacon Skinner, Windsor, Vt.
 Mrs. C. Townes, Bellows Falls, Vt.
 Rev. Mr. Pierce, North Attleboro'.
 Rev. G. M. Adams, Portsmouth, N. H.
 Mrs. E. Goddard, Claremont, N. H.
 Dr. T. Gordon, Plymouth.
 Rev. L. Stone, Charlestown, N. H.
 Rev. Mrs. Ventries, Hyde Park.
 Rev. Mrs. Webster, Hyde Park.
 Rev. Mrs. Dickinson, Foxboro'.
 Mrs. Richardson, Malden.
 Mrs. Albert Ballard, Framingham.
 Miss B. A. Faxon, East Braintree.
 Mr. E. Brown.
 Mr. E. H. Emmons.
 Mrs. E. H. Ritchie, Brookline.
 Shepard, Norwell & Co.
 Hogg, Brown, Taylor & Co.
 *Mrs. John J. Swift.
 Miss Sarah D. Ryder.
 Mrs. N. H. Emmons.
 Churchill, Watson & Co. [N. H.
 Mrs. J. M. Edmonds, Portsmouth,
 Mrs. Luther, Attleboro'.
 J. P. Bradley.
 D. Nevins, Jr.
 Hon. Jacob Sleeper.
 Mrs. E. H. Ryder.
 B. F. Sturtevant.
 Mrs. Fenno Tudor.
 George A. Nickerson.
 Mrs. Mehitable Adams.

Elisha Atkins.
 Mrs. Dea. Allen, Holyoke.
 Mrs. Mary Farley, Ipswich.
 Mrs. Mary P. Swasey, Beverly.
 Mrs. R. C. Mather, Beaufort, S. C.
 Mrs. William Ellison, Duxbury.
 Mrs. Hixon, Springfield.
 Mrs. Pettigale, Newburyport.
 Mrs. Paul Lunt, Newburyport.
 Mr. William Danforth, Plymouth.
 Mr. A. Low.
 Mrs. S. Hooper.
 Miss Sarah M. Bailey, Abbingdon.
 Miss Phoebe Newman, Newbury.
 *Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, Groton.
 *P. C. Brooks.
 N. D. Whitney & Co.
 George Young.
 H. D. Parker & Co.
 Mrs. Charles F. Adams.
 *Edward Brooks.
 J. Warren Merrill.
 F. Gordon Dexter.
 Mrs. C. Humphrey.
 John Bailey, Topsfield.
 Mrs. R. C. Waterson.
 Miss Rebecca Bowker.
 *Miss C. L. Donnison, Cambridge.
 Henry S. Shaw.
 Rev. Photius Fisk.
 William F. Cary.
 Silas Pierce.
 M. D. Spaulding.
 C. W. Kingsley.
 Frank Goodwin, Boston.
 Fuller, Dana & Fitz.

DONATIONS.

GIVEN AT THE HOME.

Mrs. J. Louder, clothing.
 A Friend, buttons, handkerchiefs, &c.
 Hon. J. Sleeper, \$20.00.
 Mr. George Moore, two turkeys.
 Mr. Sturtevant, Hanover St., chickens,
 apples, &c.
 Mrs. Tyler, Brookline, bundle of
 clothes, also clothes made by
 some little girls.
 Mr. Nickerson, for Christmas pres-
 ents, \$50.00.
 Mr. Nickerson, for Christmas dinner,
 \$30.00.
 A Friend, \$50.00.

H. G. Dillingham, Sandwich, mittens
 and wristers.
 Mr. Holway, Taunton, 50 cents, for
 music.
 Rev. Photius Fisk, crate of oranges,
 watermelons and peaches.
 Miss Gore, school teacher, clothing.
 Mr. Wm. Low, \$5.00.
 Mr. J. D. Bragdon, \$2.00.
 Mr. Campbell, flowers.
 Mr. Burnham, crate of strawberries.
 Flower Mission, flowers, twice.
 H. L. Pierce, cocoa.
 E. T. Cowdrey & Co., honey, &c.

- W. K. Lewis, pickles und preserves.
 Oriental Tea Co., tea and coffee.
 Dunbar & Co., tea.
 March, cotton thread.
 A Friend, sewing silk.
 Carter & Co., soda and cream tartar.
 J. Wood & Co., coffee.
 Hooper, Lewis & Co., stationery.
 Nash, Spaulding & Co., one barrel
 granulated sugar.
 Ladies' Sewing Circle of St. Andrew's
 Church, Hanover, Mass., \$2.00.
 Mr. Folsom, box or candy.
 A Friend in Hingham, bundle of
 stockings.
 Friend in Wyoming, stockings.
 A Friend in Bolton, three dollars
 worth of sewing silk.
 Augustus Lord, flour and beans.
 Flint, Boardman & Nash, tea.
 Mrs. Nichols, bundle of clothing.
 Mrs. Taylor, child's dress.
 Austin & Co., barrel of crackers.
 J. Wellington, barrel apples, squashes,
 &c.
 Hall & Cole, barrel squashes and
 turnips.
 Heland, Chessman & Co., barrel and
 half of apples, squashes, &c.
 C. D. Cobb, box of soap.
 Fobes, Hayward & Co., two boxes of
 candy.
 C. Moody, box of raisins.
 Otis Munroe, bag of meal.
 M. Noyes, 50 lbs. of lamb.
 Lawrence, turkey.
 Niles, ham.
 North, ham.
 Rice & Holway, two bushels of grapes.
- J. M. Leonard, six dozen of oranges.
 J. Sturtevant, turkey.
 Baker, turkey.
 Page, box of butter.
 John Drake, bushel grapes, oranges.
 A. S. Haley, 30 pounds fresh beef.
 Holway & Co., canned goods.
 Oriental Tea Co., coffee and tea.
 Bell, canned fruit.
 Newhall & Austin, shoes.
 Price & Rich, two boxes of fish.
 Hubbard, turkey.
 Glines, 10 lbs. coffee.
 Clark & Clark, dozen of mugs.
 Hanson, Sproul cough mixture,
 Taunton.
 John Dempsey, box of lemons,
 oranges and apples.
 Hayward, coffee.
 Silas Pierce, tea.
 Robinson, turkey, box sweet potatoes.
 Winslow Rand, box of raisins.
 Sawyer, bag mixed nuts.
 Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, crockery.
 W. L. Hooper, box of raisins.
 Bird, 12 lbs. of fresh beef.
 Hillard, barrel of vegetables.
 Fletcher, half bag of beans.
 Smith, bushel of grapes.
 Richardson, groceries.
 Fernald, groceries.
 Curtis Davis, box of soap.
 Mr. Noyes, one crate of oranges.
 Swan, Earle & Co., box chocolate.
 Cobb, Bates & Yerxa, 11 lbs. prunes.
 E. D. Kimball, 16 lbs. beef.
 Mrs. Mayo, Gloucester, cooked ham.
 C. K. Darling, paper.

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT.

Some years ago there originated in certain literary departments the custom of presenting chromos, lithographs and engravings to all who should subscribe to the popular secular and religious papers of the day. How many cottage homes, or humble city halls, which would not otherwise have afforded the luxury of such adornments, were brightened by the pictures entitled "Wide Awake," "Fast Asleep," and "From Shore to Shore." Entering the home of wealth, even, often have we seen the quiet, pensive face of Milton's "Il Penseroso," or the joyous, light-hearted countenance of his "L' Allegro," looking at us furtively from out their brightly tinted frames, reminding us that these companion pictures have been gladly welcomed in all circles of society.

Now, at this time, when the golden October month brings us to the close of another year's work in our "Home,"—to another year's report of its trials and joys, its defeats and conquests,—may we not place upon memory's walls companion pictures engraved by that Skillful Hand, which has not only created the dawn and meridian glory of this great world, but has watched the beginning, continuance, and completion of many a noble enterprise like this to which our attention is called by the officers of the "Nickerson Home for Children."

The picture of the past brings before us a struggling society, carried on by a band of interested women, who had to fight, not only the odium which rested upon woman's public work, prejudiced donors, &c., but a limited bank account, mortgaged buildings, and insufficient help. While these things occupy the foreground of the picture, in the back-ground we discern many clouds which in their silver linings have some traces of that brighter glory which is to rest upon the finished work. The present brings to view a brighter picture of unencumbered property, a well-stocked library, of intellectual and social advantages; a picture of earnest effort partially crowned, the clouds of bereavement being chased away by those of Faith and Love. And so the past year, though bringing its trials and discouragements, has been one of average prosperity to the Home.

At the outset of the year there was considerable sickness among the children, and measles at one time were very prevalent. Dr. G. A. Fernald, of Boston, was unwearied in his attentions to the sick ones; and, by the blessing of God, we feel that it is owing to his skillful care that only two deaths have occurred during the year.

Fifty-one children have been cared for in the Home, which is as many as our limited accommodations can shelter.

Kind friends have still given us substantial aid, many of them coming to the Home to proffer their gifts. Hon. Jacob Sleeper gave us twenty dollars at Thanksgiving, and Mr George Nickerson gave fifty dollars to be expended in Christmas presents for the

children and thirty dollars for their Christmas dinner. Another friend also gave fifty dollars for the same festive season. A letter was received from Sir Moses Montifiore, Bart., of England, enclosing a check for five pounds. It reached us at a time when funds were greatly needed, and filled our hearts with gratitude to the venerable man who had so kindly remembered our little ones. We had already received our share of the Garfield Memorial Fund, which he sent to the Charities of Boston, but this later gift was entirely unexpected and most gratefully received. Mr. Frank Goodwin also sent the Home twenty-five dollars, which sum constituted him a life member.

Generous donations of clothing, fruits, and so-forth, have been sent, which are duly acknowledged on another page. We would especially refer to the gift of nineteen aprons from Mrs. George Brown, which were made up by the Sewing Society of the Unitarian Church of Framingham Centre.

We also gratefully acknowledge the gift of twenty-two dollars from the North Avenue Congregational Sabbath School of Cambridge. It reached us just in time to supply a particular need, and we were very thankful to the kind donors.

Rev. Photius Fisk, who has so long been a faithful friend of the Home, has still continued to send his generous gifts of fruit.

Friends have not been wanting through the year to give the children pleasure in various ways. They were invited with the Bromfield Street Sabbath School, where they attend, to a picnic at Silver Lake, where a most enjoyable day was spent. Hon. Jacob Sleeper bore the expenses of an excursion to the Point of Pines, and Rev. D. W. Waldron gave sixty tickets to the children to the West Roxbury Park, and afterward gave them an excursion and picnic, with an ample collation, including ice cream. The officers of the steamer "City Point" kindly gave the children an excursion to Long Island, which they greatly enjoyed; and they were invited to a picnic to Highland Lake by the Old Colony Sabbath School.

The children have been treated also to a number of horse-car rides to the suburbs, so that their Summer has been tolerably pleasant, though not privileged to stay out of the city any length of time.

Two of the children have during the year been provided with good homes in the country, and we hear favorable accounts from them from time to time.

Our excellent Matron,—Mrs. Wormell,—still continues in the Home, and her faithful care of its inmates is most gratefully appreciated by the Managers.

The Home has no special days in which to receive callers, but those interested in such work are invited to call at any time, where they will be cordially received and shown over the building if desired.

In behalf of the Managers,

MRS. G. M. DAWSON,

Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The ladies connected with the Nickerson Home celebrated their forty-ninth anniversary, October 4, 1883. With gratitude we reviewed the months of the past year, and remembered how kindly God had led us on through varied experiences, both as a society and as individuals.

During a part of the year we have had sickness in the Home. In the early Autumn two of our oldest girls were taken seriously ill with typhoid fever. Later on came an epidemic of measles, seven of our children being prostrated at one time by this malady; one of our little ones was taken from us, notwithstanding the watchful care and affectionate nursing of our dear Matron. Again the dark shadow lowered, and diphtheria invaded our Home — that dreadful disease! — and another passed from the Home on earth to the Home on high,—to the loving arms of the Saviour, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." The circumstances of the death and burial of this little boy were very affecting: he died at midnight, and his remains before morning dawned were deposited in their last resting-place.

Such repeated visitations of fatal disease were, very properly, reported to the Board of Health, who made a careful scrutiny, and ordered a thorough renovation of the sanitary conditions of the Home. The carpets were taken up, the paper removed from the walls, the drainage pipes for the third time uncovered and repaired, and every thing was done, without regard to expense or inconvenience, that could be done, to secure a healthy abode for our children.

We gladly bear testimony, at this point, to the untiring care and interest exhibited by our Matron and her assistant in this painful and protracted ordeal. On them the burden rested, and they bore it bravely. The weary days, the wakeful nights, the patient nursing, the anxious fear lest the disease should spread, the vigilance required in keeping the well away from the sick, the approach and presence of death, — experiences which none can know except those who have passed through them. All this, and more, call forth our appreciation and gratitude for the motherly and sisterly concern so wonderfully exhibited. Surely the blessing of those that were ready to perish will rest upon them.

Our expenses have necessarily increased during the year. To help us meet the extra bills incurred by sickness and sanitary improvements, some of our donors, whose names have appeared for a long time on our list, generously increased their subscriptions. The Hon. Jacob Sleeper gave us \$100; so, also, did John Foster, Esq., and George A. Nickerson, Esq.; for whose timely aid to meet pressing bills when our treasury was low, we feel especially indebted and grateful.

We are deeply thankful that since the opening of the Spring of the present year, the health of our children, and those in attendance at our Home, has not suffered.

I may be permitted here to express my personal gratitude to a kind Providence, that I have had health and strength to carry on this blessed work another year. I have called on my donors — I miss not a few; but those who yet tarry with us meet me with smiles and good wishes. Many have added to their usual donations; so that, during the last year, I have collected nearly eighteen hundred dollars. I love the work, feeling that there is no higher honor, or pleasure, than to humbly walk in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. Often, when weary, am I cheered by recalling the words of one of my donors: "Remember, when you are tired, of the rest that remaineth!" I hope to labor yet a little longer, and at last meet the children, and those who have contributed to their support, and all who have shown interest in our Home, in "the sweet bye and bye."

"Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest;
Though thy grain be small and bare,
God shall clothe it as He pleases
For the harvest full and fair;

"Though it sink in turbid waters,
Hidden from thy yearning sight,
It shall spring in strength and beauty,
Ripening in celestial light;

"Ever springing, ever ripening,
Not alone in earthly soil,
Not alone among the shadows,
Where the weary workers toil;

"Gracious first-fruits there may meet thee
Of the reaper's time begun;
But upon the hill of Zion,
'Neath the uncreated Sun,

"First the fullness of the blessing
Shall the faithful laborer see,
Gathering fruit to life eternal
Harvest of eternity."

Harvest time has not yet come, but it certainly will come.

SUSAN B. HOLWAY.



TREASURER'S REPORT.



To cash on hand, October 1st, 1882,	\$133 83	Water tax, fuel, and light,	\$258 10
subscriptions and donations, S. B. Holway,	1,776 98	Repairs on Home,	272 14
“ “ “ F. Boswell,	1,401 73	Printing Annals,	83 00
“ “ “ E. Bumstead,	292 00	Current expenses,	3,742 36
“ “ “ by agents,	336 30	Help in Home,	993 08
received at Home,	1,498 35	Balance on hand, October 1st, 1883,	90 51
	<u>\$5,439 19</u>		<u>\$5,439 19</u>

SUSAN B. HOLWAY, Treasurer.

The above account has been examined and found correct.

S. E. DAWES, }
L. M. TUKEY, } Auditors.

PAST AND PRESENT

DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

SUMS OF NOT LESS THAN FIVE DOLLARS.

A

Adams, Rev. G. W., Portsmouth, N. H.
 Appleton, Hon. Samuel
 Appleton, Hon. Nathan
 Appleton, Hon. William
 Appleton, T. G., Cambridge
 Appleton, Mrs. C. H.
 Andrews, E. T.
 Andrews, Wm. T.
 Austin, Samuel
 Allen, Harris & Potter
 Alden, E. G.
 Alcott, W. W.
 Amory, Thomas C.
 Alden, E. J.
 Abbe, Mrs. Dr.
 Amory, Mrs.
 Allen, Mrs. Harriet J.
 Appleton, Samuel A.
 Avery, John, Lowell
 Ayer, Mrs. J. C., Lowell
 Austin, Edward
 Atkins, E.
 Adams, Seth
 Amory, W.
 American Tract Society
 Atkinson, J.
 Almy & McKay
 Anderson, Heath & Co.
 Adams, Mrs. Chas. Francis
 Alexander, R. S.
 Adams, Mrs.
 Amory, J. S.
 Allen, S. G.
 Ames, P. Adams
 Almy, Mr.
 Alexander, E.
 Ames, Mrs. James I., Chicopee
 Appleton, W. S.
 Ames, Oliver
 Ames, Mrs. H. L., N. Easton
 Ames, Mrs. Oliver, N. Easton
 Allen & Woodworth
 Alney, F.
 Appleton, Thomas
 Adams & Taylor
 Addison, Gage & Co.
 Appleton, Mrs. H. M., Lowell
 Atkins, Mrs. E.
 Adams, Mrs. Thomas, Boston Highlands
 Alexander, J. & Co.
 Allen, Stilman B.
 Allen, Mrs. F.

American Organ Co., Boston
 Angell, J. B., Attleboro
 Alley, Hon. J. B.
 Abbot, Benj.
 Atwood, E. H.
 Andrews, Charles
 Adams, T. & Co.
 Adams, M., Waltham, Mass.
 Alley, H.
 Arnold, Leonard, South Abington
 Appleton, Misses
 Atkinson, G.

B

Bailey, C., Newburyport
 Bacon, Jerome A.
 Bates, James L.
 Bremer, John L.
 Boardman, Mr.
 Bacon, Mrs. Frances
 Bacon, Mrs. G.
 Brooks, Hon. Peter C.
 Brimmer, Hon. Martin
 Bryant, John
 Brooks, G.
 Bradley, Josiah
 Ball, Wm.
 Bassett, Francis
 Brooks, Noah, Dorchester
 Brown, George
 Bryant, Seth
 Barnard, John M.
 Bassett, P. A.
 Bangs, B.
 Brewer, Charles
 Bacon, Daniel C.
 Brooks, Charles
 Baker, E. H.
 Burgess, Rev. Dr., Dedham
 Bullard, W. S.
 Burr, H.
 Bacheller, T.
 Brigham, E. D.
 Bates, Ives G.
 Blanchard, Alfred
 Bangs, Isaiah
 Barnard, G. M.
 Beebe, J. M.
 Baker, William E.
 Brown, B. F.
 Beard, T. W.
 Brimmer, Miss E. O.
 Bradlee, F. H.
 Bradlee, Mrs. F. H.
 Binney, Miss

Berley, Miss
 Bowditch, Mrs.
 Brooks, Mrs. G.
 Batcheller, Mrs. E. L.
 Bell, Mrs. C. A.
 Bullard, Mrs.
 Barstow, Mrs.
 Butters & Co.
 Barrows, Henry, Lowell
 Blake, Wm.
 Brown, R. F.
 Bremer, Mrs. Emma M.
 Bradley, B.
 Bullard, Lewis
 Burroughs, Miss
 Botes, Jerome
 Root, Mrs. W.
 Beals, Mrs. J. W.
 Bird, Mrs. J., Brookline
 Brewster, J.
 Boles, Levi
 Burnham, T. O. H. P.
 Brigham, Levi
 Brooks, Mrs. P. C.
 Banker & Carpenter
 Bowker, Miss R.
 Bowditch, Mrs. J. T.
 Brown, G. C.
 Borlaud, Miss
 Brown, Charles R.
 Bacon, Prof. John
 Bird, Samuel T.
 Barnum & Wight
 Bagnal, Thomas
 Bailey, Mrs. C. C., Newburyport.
 Bates, Mr., So. Weymouth
 Barker, Mr., Hanover
 Brooks, J. W.
 Bailey, W.
 Bradley, Mrs. B.
 Brigham, P. B.
 Burrage, J. C.
 Barrett, Charles
 Boit, E. D.
 Brooks, B. F.
 Brown, Nathaniel
 Bates, M.
 Brewster, O.
 Brooks, F.
 Bailey, J. K.
 Brewster, Mrs. J., Cambridge
 Bradley, Mrs. J.
 Burnham, J. A.
 Bates, B. E.
 Bailey, Robert, Newburyport
 Brimmer, Hon. Martin

Brimmer, Mrs. Martin
 Boardman, J. A. Portsmouth,
 N. H.
 Brown, L. J., Fitchburg
 Bates, Miss E. H.
 B. W. & L. C.
 Bancroft, Henry, Lynnfield
 Bridges, Mr. G. E.
 Ball, J. D.
 Bigelow, G. T.
 Boynton, N.
 Bemis, Sarah Ann, Arlington
 Bartlett, Mrs. Newburyport
 Brooks, P. C.
 Bemis & Brown
 Brown, Mrs. G. B., Framing-
 ham
 Bradley, J. P.
 Brimhall, E., Clinton
 Bates, George, South Wey-
 mouth
 Bird, James
 Batcheller, A. H.
 Baker, Judah
 Brigham, R. B.
 Brooks, Edward
 Bailey, J. P.
 Black, G. H.
 Bradt & Co.
 Bailey, R. R. S.
 Boit, E. D., Jr.
 Bradley, Mrs. W. L.
 Bemis, G.
 Brown, H.
 Bridge, Rev. Wm. D.
 Bassett, Mrs. Caroline S.
 Barnes, Mrs. Wm. H., Boston
 Highlands
 Baker, Mrs. R. B.
 Bradlee, Mrs. T. B.
 Beals, Mrs. William
 Burrage, Mrs. C. H.
 Barker, Henry, South Acton,
 Mass.
 Brooks, Mrs. J. W., Milton,
 Mass.
 Batt, Charles A.
 Bartlett, Mrs. S. W.
 Bacon, Francis
 Brown, B. F.
 Billings, Mrs. H. G.
 Bailey, John, Topsfield
 Bryant, G. J. F.
 Briggs, A. G.
 Bemis, J. M.
 Birdseye, J. C.
 Burn, E. J.
 Bassett, Mrs. Frances
 Bailey, Merrill B.
 Barnes, W. H.
 Bullard, Mrs. Wm., Dedham

C

Cushing, Mrs. A. B., Cohas-
 sett
 Chaplin, Mrs. H. P., George-
 town
 Crosby, Morse & Co.
 Codman, Mrs. J. M., Brook-
 line
 Curtis, Mrs. T. B.
 Curtis, Mrs. D. S.
 Cabot, Henry
 Claflin, Lee, Hopkinton
 Choate, Hon. Rufus
 Chickering, J.
 Curtis, Abner
 Cushing, Hon. Mr.
 Codman, Henry
 Chase, H. S.
 Chandler & Co.

Chandler, G.
 Converse E.
 Chadwick, B.
 Coverly, W.
 Coffin, W. E.
 Codman, Arthur
 Courtney & Bates
 Chickering, —
 Chism, Samuel
 Chandler, John
 Choate, Charles
 Chapman, Lord, Hale & Co.
 Chase, Theodore
 Cheever, James
 Curtis, Mrs. T. B.
 Chadwick, Mrs. C. C.
 Curtis, Mrs. Samuel
 Chadwick, Mrs.
 Chandler, Mrs. P. W.
 Chadwick, Miss Martha
 Chadwick, Miss
 Carpenter, E. P., Foxboro'
 Claflin, William, Newton
 Claflin, Aaron
 Call, Mrs. H. E., Arlington
 Carpenter, Mrs. O., Foxboro'
 Colby, Mrs. H. J., Cam-
 bridge
 Cooper, Samuel
 Converse, E. S., Malden
 Crane, Samuel D.
 Chapin, Mr.
 Cazenove, Mrs.
 Chickering, H.
 Colburn, J. W.
 Clark, Mrs. J. W., Framing-
 ham
 Chapin, Nahum
 Chandler, Henry H.
 Callender, Benjamin
 Chadbourne, Mrs. W.
 Chilson, G.
 Currier, Mrs. John, Newbury-
 port
 Caldwell, J.
 Curtis, Charles P.
 Cary, Mrs. T. G.
 Clifford, H.
 Carpenter, E.
 Cory, Mrs. B.
 Cades, W. H.
 Curtis, B. R.
 Curtis, T. B.
 Chadbourne, W.
 Clark, H. M. & Co.
 Carruth, Sweetser & Co.
 Carter, G. R.
 Curtis, Mrs. John, E. Boston
 Cleveland, Mrs., East Boston
 Clapp, Mrs. M., Foxboro'
 Cary, Mrs. Otis, Foxboro'
 Cotton, Mrs. D. P.
 Cary, Mrs. Harriet, Chelsea
 Claflin, Mrs. William
 Child, Addison,
 Carpenter, Woodman
 Clark, William R.
 Cutler Brothers & Co.
 Cobb, Albert A.
 Clark, S. H. G.
 Chapman, Jonathan
 Cowdrey, E. T.
 Conant, F. F.
 Cooledge, A. L.
 Cole & Robbins
 Coburn, G. W.
 Carlton, William
 Chase, S. H.
 Cox, Mrs. G. P., Malden
 Cushman, Mrs. C., Cambridge
 Coolidge, Thos. B., Lawrence
 Carpenter, Mrs. D., Foxboro'

Clapp, James B.
 Claflin, C. F., Milford
 Clapp, Otis
 Callender, Henry
 Carter Bros. & Co.
 Chase, Mrs.
 Cushing, Mr. Wm., New-
 buryport
 Carlton, A.
 Churchill, Watson & Co.
 Chase & Trull
 Chase, Mr.
 Crocker, Henry
 Clark, C. F.
 Caldwell, William
 Cobb, C. D.
 Cooledge, Mrs. J.
 Corey, Mrs. E., Brookline
 Curtis, Mrs. B. R.
 Carpenter, Oliver
 Chase, H. L.
 Chamberlain, Thomas
 Chickering, George
 Cobb, Samuel G.
 Cochrane, Mrs. M. L.
 Clapp, Otis, Malden
 Childs, M.
 Cheever, Miss A. M.
 Child, Daniel F.
 Cochrane, Mrs. A.

D

Dillingham, J. S.
 Dennison, J.
 Dwinell & Co.
 Dix, Miss M., Melrose
 Drew, Mrs. E. C.
 Dana, Mrs. R. H.
 Davis, A.
 Dorr, Hon. Samuel
 Dwight, Edmund
 Downes, Com. J., Charl-
 town
 Dabney, Charles W.
 Donly, Levi
 Doe, Hazeltine & Co.
 Dodge, Tucker & Co.
 Dalton & Richardson
 Dana, Edmund W.
 Davis, James
 Dyer, David
 Daniel, Otis
 Davis, J.
 Dexter, Mrs.
 Dalton, P. R.
 Dale Bros. & Co.
 Drury, Otis
 Dodge, John C.
 Davis, Mrs. Lucy
 Dane, F.
 Dorr, J.
 Davis, B.
 Dunbar, W. H.
 Denny, D.
 Damon, Mrs., Concord
 Dorr, Parks & Co.
 Dana, Miss A.
 Dennis, S. J.
 Dana, E. A.
 Dwight, D. A.
 Ditson, O.
 Danforth, Scudder & Co.,
 Devins, T. M.
 Downer, Mr. S.
 Davis Bros. & Co.
 Dixwell, J. J.
 Dodge, Henry C.
 Dane, S. G.
 Durell, Mrs. Mercy, Milton

Dennis, G. M.
 Dexter, F. G.
 Dana, R. H. Jr., Boston
 Dana, Thomas & Co.
 Dix, J.
 Dagget, H. N., Attleboro'
 Dove, J., Andover
 Denny, G. P.
 Dresser, Parsons
 Denny, George P.
 Dane, S. T.
 Dexter, G. M.
 Denny, C. H.
 Denny, Daniel, Jr.
 Day, Mrs. J., So. Dedham
 Day, Mrs. L., So. Dedham
 Denison, J. N.
 Dennison, E. W.
 Dodd, J. A.
 Denison, J. H.
 Deblois, Stephen G.
 Dunbar, H. P.
 Davis, Mrs. Joseph A.
 Dillaway, Mrs. Wm.
 Davis, Mrs. R. S., Brookline
 Drake, Mrs. J.
 Dixwell, Mrs. J. J.

E

Everett, Hon. Edward
 Eaton, —
 Eagar, Mrs., Windsor, Vt.
 Evans, Horatio
 Eaton, William
 Everleth, Joseph
 Emmons, Thomas
 Ellis, J.
 Emmons, Mrs. N. H.
 Edwards, Oliver
 Ellis, Mathias
 E. P. B.
 Emerson, A.
 Erickson, Aaron
 E. H. D.
 Emerson, Mrs. R. W., Concord
 Edwards, J. F.
 Edmands, James F.
 Ellison, Mrs. Wm., Duxbury
 Edmands, J. M., Portsmouth
 Ellis, Edward A.
 Eiting, P. T.
 Eaton & Johnson
 Ellis, Mrs. Edward A.
 Emerson, Geo. B.
 Emerson, Mrs. Geo. B.
 Elliot, M. P.
 Endicott, W., Boston
 Eddy, W.

F

Fenno, Isaac
 Frye, N. A.
 Fairbanks, Mrs. Horace, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
 Fairbanks, Mrs. Henry, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
 Fields & Co.
 Fenno, J. P., Roxbury
 Fuller, B. F.
 Floyd, Wm. I.
 Forbes, J. M.
 Francis, Ebenezer
 Foster & Taylor
 Field, Converse & Co.
 Fisher, Jabez
 Folsom & Watson
 Foster, John
 Forbes, R. B.

Fisk, Mrs. E. P.
 Fisk, George
 French, Mrs.
 Forbes, Mrs. Bennett
 Fay, Geo. F., Fitchburg
 Forbes, Mr., Clinton
 Fay, Mrs. Richard
 Frothingham, Mrs. D. T., Danvers
 Frothingham, Mrs. Dr.
 Flora, W. & E., Charlestown
 Field, J.
 Fluker, Francis
 Frost, Thomas P.
 Fuller, R. O.
 Foster & Swasey
 Fenno & Childs
 Farlow, J. S.
 Foster, F. C.
 Fortune, James
 Faxon Bros.
 F. S. N.
 Faron, Mrs. William
 French, Charles
 Freeland, Mrs. E. W.
 Fitz, Hon. E. C.
 Freeland, C. W. Beard & Co.
 Francis, Charles
 Foster, Wm. T.
 Frye, Joseph F.
 Fay, R. S.
 Folsom, Dearborn & Co.
 Forbes, Richardson & Co.
 Fisher, Mrs. G., Attleboro'
 Ford, Nathaniel, Duxbury
 Ford, C. W., Duxbury
 Fenno, Abbott & Co.
 Foster, Israel, Beverly
 Frost, J., Belmont
 Frost, Hon. R. S.
 Fairbanks, J. H., Fitchburg
 Farley, C. B.
 Fearing, A.
 Ford, Mr.
 Fowle, E. M.
 Fay, J. S.
 Fenno, Son & Co.
 Fuller, Mrs. J. E., Hingham, Mass.
 Fuller, M., Brookline
 Farnsworth, I. D.
 Faxon, Williams & Faxon
 Farrer, D.
 Fluker, Josiah E.
 French, Mrs. Jonathan
 Farnsworth, W. J., Melrose
 Fairbanks, M.
 Foster, H., Clinton

G

Glover, J. T.
 Gardner, J. P.
 Goodwin, Mrs. H. B.
 Goddard, Miss J., Brookline
 Gand, W.
 Gibbs, N. B.
 Greenleaf, R. C.
 Gray, W.
 Greeley, Mr.
 Gray, Mrs. S. R.
 Goddard, Miss
 Granger, Miss M. W.
 Granger, Daniel, Newburyport
 Gregory, Mr., Marblehead
 Goodwin, Mrs. O.
 Gordon, Dr. T., Plymouth
 Gilbert, Daniel H.
 Goddard, Mrs. E. D. S., Claremont, N. H.

Goodwin, Mrs., Portsmouth, N. H.
 Googin, Mr. Thomas, South Boston
 Gregory, James, Marblehead
 Gregory, Mrs. James, Marblehead
 Glover, Henry R.
 Gray, Mrs. Horace
 Gray, F. C.
 Gassett, Edward
 Grant, Dea. Moses
 Guild, Aaron
 Gray, I. C.
 Gardner, J.
 Greene, J. S. Copley
 Greenc, Mrs. J. S. C., Newton
 Glidden, William T.
 Gavett, Amos J.
 Greene, Mrs. B. D.
 Gardner, Mrs. George
 Gray, Mrs. Prof., Cambridge
 Green, Miss Mary
 Goodridge, Mrs. E. D.
 Gleason, Mrs. R., Dorchester
 Gage, Hittinger & Co.
 Grover, W. O.
 Grover, Baker & Co.
 Gourgus, Miss M. U., Concord
 Gregg, Thomas, Brookline
 Goodnow, Joseph
 Greenleaf, Mrs. James, Cambridge
 Gray, Mrs. S., Walpole
 Glover, Henry
 Gaston, Hon. Wm.
 Gibson, Mrs. Kimball
 Gilmore, Kingsbury & Co.
 Gould, Jessie & Son
 Garland, Joseph, Gloucester
 Goldthwaite & Co.
 Goodnow & Wightman, Boston

H

How, J.
 Healey, Mrs. B.
 Huntington, W.
 Haskel & Co.
 Haley, Morse & Co.
 Hutchins, E., Marlboro'
 Harper, E.
 Hazelton, J. E.
 Homer, W. F.
 Hooper, Robert C.
 Howe, Dea. Jonathan, Charlestown
 Holton, James, Brighton
 Hobbs, Dr. S. M.
 Hettinger, —
 Hayward, Eben'r, Charlestown
 Howard, B.
 Holway, Philip
 Hemmenway, A.
 Hemmenway, Mrs. A.
 Hatch, William
 Hyde, Samuel
 Hill, Jeremiah
 Hunnewell, James, Charlestown
 Howes, Willis
 Hall, James
 Hawes, Prince
 Howland, George
 H. C. J.
 Hilliard, Daniel B.

Haskins, Nathan
 Hunnewell, J. W.
 Howard, E.
 Howes & Crowell
 Hayward, Mrs. S., Charles-
 town
 Haven, Mrs. Franklin
 Holway, Mrs. S. B.
 Houghton, W. S.
 Hallett, Mrs. George
 Hallett, Mrs. Georgiana
 Heard, Mrs. John, Watertown
 Hooper, Mrs. Robert C.
 Howes, Mrs.
 Houghton, Mrs. W. L. S.
 Hall, H. A.
 Hamlin, N. P., Boston
 Hutchins, H. H., Boston
 Hogg, Brown & Taylor
 Higgins, J.
 Hunter, G. W.
 Holton, William
 Holmes, Mrs. O. Wendell
 Hooper, Hon. Samuel
 Hooper, Mrs. Samuel
 Hatch, Johnson & Co.
 Houghton, A.
 Head, C. D.
 Hale, Mrs. S. W., Newbury-
 port
 Hill, F. A.
 Howland, J.
 Howe, J. N.
 Harris, N.
 Howe, Wm. G.
 Hill, Danforth & Co.
 H. & Bros.
 Houghton, Sawyer & Co.
 Hawley, T. R.
 Harding, G. W.
 Hamilton, N.
 Hunt, William T.
 Hammond, A.
 Haven, F.
 Harding, N. & Co.
 Hasting, Miss M. A., Fra-
 mingham
 Haughton, Perkins & Co.
 Hooper, S. & Co.
 Heard, Mrs. J., Ipswich
 Heard, Miss Mary, Ipswich
 Hooper, Mrs. Sarah, Beverly
 Hayward, Mrs. E., Attle-
 boro'
 Haywood, Mrs. W., Fitch-
 burg
 Hyde, H. H.
 Hart, Miss
 Harrington, L. B.
 Hawes & Hersey, So. Boston
 Humphrey, Mrs. C.
 Haskell & Adams
 Hodges, A. D.
 Howe, J. C. & Co.
 Hart, Miss S. A., Boston
 Highlands
 Howe, L. A. & Co., Marlboro'
 Houghton, Mr., Hudson
 Hunt, Mrs. D.
 Hooper, N.
 Hook, E. & J.
 Harvey, Miss C. E.
 Hall, L.
 Hinkley & Williams Works
 Harmon, J. & H. M.
 Holbrook, S. P.
 Howard, William P.
 Hancock, Solomon
 Hathaway, A. P.
 Hinkley, F.
 Hamlin, E.
 Horton, Gideon M., Attleboro'

I

Iasigi, I.

J

Johnson, James
 Jones, Josiah M.
 Jones, Nahum
 Jones, Mrs.
 Jones, Miss Ann
 Jones, F.
 Jackson, M. D.
 Jackson, Miss C.
 Jewell, Mrs. Harvey
 Jenkins, C. E.
 Jenkins, H. W.
 Jordan, Marsh & Co.
 Josselyn, F. M.
 Jordan, Mrs. E. D.
 Josselyn, F. W.
 Johnson, J. H.
 Jewett, D. B.
 J. —, P. T.
 Jackson, F. H.
 Jones, McDuffee & Stratton
 Jackson, J.
 Johnson, Samuel
 Johnson, Samuel
 Jenks, Mrs. William, Hop-
 kinton
 Johnson, Mrs. E. S.
 Jones, Mrs. T. B.
 Johnson, M.

K

Kimball, Bros. & Co.
 Kimball, Mrs. M.
 Kuhn, G. H.
 Kendall, H. R.
 Kingman, A.
 Kelley, Miss H. E. B.
 King, F., Dorchester
 Kendrick & Co.
 Kelley, Mrs. W., Lowell
 Kent, Foster & Peck
 Kimball, Mrs. J. B.
 Keith, A. & A. B. & Co.
 Knapp, W. B., Waltham
 Kidder, B.
 Kerrigan, A. J., Haverhill
 Kingman, W. H.
 Kidder, Mrs. H. P.
 Kingsley, C. W.
 Kendall, Mrs. E. B.
 Kidder, J. G.
 Kenney, John, E. Cambridge

L

Little, Brown & Co.
 Loring, J. A.
 Lockwood, Mr.
 Lowell, Augustus
 Lothrop, H. A., Sharon
 Lombard, Mrs. Benjamin
 Locke, W. S. & Co.
 Lawrence, Hon. Abbott
 Lee, Thomas
 Lodge, J. E.
 Loring, George H.
 Lock, Charles A.
 Lowell, Mr.
 Loring, Benjamin
 Lawrence, Samuel
 Leeds, T. C.
 Lombard, E.
 Lowell, F. C.
 Lovell, J. G.
 Loud, Augustus

Lovett, J.
 Lowell, Mrs.
 Lowell, E.
 Lawrence, Edward, Charles-
 town
 Lee, Henry
 Lyman, Mr. G. W.
 Lombard, Israel
 Loring & Phillips
 Loring, C. G.
 Lyman, G. L.
 Lodge, Mrs. G. Henry
 Lyman, Mrs. G. T.
 Lawrence, Mrs. William
 Lawrence, Mrs. James
 Lawrence, Mrs. Samuel
 Lawrence, Mrs. W. R.
 Loring, Mrs.
 Loring, Mrs. Elisha T.
 Loring, Mrs. George H.
 Lane, Jonathan, Bedford
 Lane, R. J., Boston
 Loring, Mrs. Cornelia
 Loring, Miss A. M.
 Lawrence, Mrs. Abbott
 Lincoln, Beza
 Lamson, Mr., Windsor, Vt.
 Loughton, Mrs. N., Ports-
 mouth, N. H.
 Lunt, Mrs. Paul, Newbury-
 port
 Loring, A. K.
 Lyman, George W.
 Lawrence, M. N., Waltham
 Lane, Mr. Josiah A., Brook-
 lyn, N. Y.
 Lane, Mrs. J. A., Brooklyn,
 N. Y.
 Lovejoy, L.
 Lewis, W. H. & Bros.
 Loud, S.
 Lewis, Mrs. J. A.
 Lawrence, A.
 Longfellow, H. W., Cam-
 bridge
 Little, S., Georgetown
 Low, Ariel
 Lawrence, Amos A.
 Lawrence & Ryan
 Leeland, A.
 Lawrence, R.
 Loud, D. L., Abington
 Lincoln, W. H.
 Livingston, Mrs. W. E., Lo-
 well
 Lane, J. & Sons
 Lane, Zenas, East Abington
 Lawrence, Benj., Chelmsford
 Loring, Miss Lydia
 Lothrop, Mrs. Anna M.
 Lockhart, W.
 Lowell, Mrs. J. R., Cambridge

M

McClure, C. F.
 Munroe, Otis
 Manson, R. H.
 Mosely & Hodgman
 Minus, George A.
 Munroe, J.
 Mosely, Alexander
 Mussey, Benj. B.
 M not, S. R.
 Marston, John
 Merrill, J. Warren
 Minot, G. R.
 Mills, Isaac B.
 Mitchell, Mrs.
 Miller, Mrs.
 Mason, Mrs. R. A.
 Morey, D. R.

Moring, Mrs.
 Macay, R. C.
 Manson, N. G.
 Mudge, E. R.
 Merrill, B. L.
 Maynard, H. E.
 Mixer, Whitman & Co.
 Minot, W.
 Minot, C. H.
 Mellen & Co.
 McKay, Donald
 Maynard, I. S.
 Marrett, L., Cambridge
 Marsh, John, Gloucester
 Minot, Mrs. C. H.
 Matchett, Theodor
 Munroe, I. W. & Co.
 Mackay, W.
 Moore, Miss E. S., Brookline
 Moors, Skilton & Co.
 Merriam, O. W.
 Muonroe, William
 Marshfield, G. T.
 Moriand, Mrs. Dr.
 McMahon, Dr. J. B.
 Merriam, Mrs. A. M., Topsfield
 McDowell, John
 Mudge, E. R., Sawyer & Co.
 Merrifield, Moses
 McPherson, W. J.
 Munroe, Miss, Concord
 Merrill, Mrs. Moody
 Morland, Wm. W.
 Mason, R. A.
 Morse, Mrs. C. G., South
 Dedham
 Merritt, F. S.
 Marsh, Robert
 Mair, Thomas
 Moore, C. H.
 McGregor, J.
 Manning, J. B.
 Mackay, J. W.
 Morse, L. H.
 Metcalf, Pierce & Co.
 Moody, Charles E.
 Marsh, L. H.
 Marston, S. W., Jr.
 McNutt, J. J.
 Mack, Mr.
 Matchett, William F.
 Morse, —
 Morse, H. E., N Somerville
 Macullar, Williams & Parker
 McIntire, P.
 Merrill, Joshua
 Merrill, Wm. B.
 Merrill, D. B.
 Marey, J. W.
 Mason, Mrs. Wm., Taunton
 McDowell & Adams
 Miller, Henry F.
 Miner, George A.

N

Norwell, Mr.
 Noyes, Mrs. A. B., George-
 town
 Nash, Spalding & Co.
 Nurse, B. F.
 Neal & Rogers
 Nickerson, F. & Co.
 Nickerson, E. & Co.
 Naylor & Co.
 Norton, Mrs. Andrew
 Nelson, Mrs. Mary, New-
 buryport
 Nickerson, J. & Co.
 Nickerson, Pliny
 Nash, Mrs. N., Hyde Park

Nash, Israel
 Nazro, Parker & Co.
 Nickerson, Thomas
 Nevins, D., Jr.
 Newman, Miss Phoebe, New-
 buryport
 Nevin, G. P.
 Nickerson, T. W.
 Nesmith, Mrs. J., Lowell

O

Otis, Mrs. Wm. C.
 Oliver, Miss
 Osgood, John F.
 Osborne, A., Cambridge
 Osgood, James R. & Co.
 Oxnard, Mrs. Henry

P

Pierce, Rev. Mr., Attleboro'
 Potter & Co.
 Pettes, George W.
 Phelps, F. O.
 Potts, Mrs. Thorpe, Hyde
 Park
 Page, Dr. Wm. H.
 Pierce, J. B., Boston
 Phillips, Jonathan
 Pope, William
 Perkins, Thomas H.
 Pond, Moses
 Peters, E. D.
 Peek, A. G.
 Pierce, Silas
 Parker, Richard T.
 Prouty & Mears
 Peaslee, C. H.
 Payson, Arthur
 Porter, C.
 Pierce, S. W.
 Pierce, Robert, Lowell
 Potter, A. H.
 Putnam, Miss Catharine
 Parker, James
 Parker, Mrs. J.
 Phelps, Mrs.
 Parkman, Mrs. George
 Parker, Mrs. James
 Peabody, Mrs. J. H.
 Perkins, Mrs. T. H.
 Parsons, Mrs.
 Plimpton, Mrs.
 Paige, J. W.
 Paige, Mrs. J. W.
 Pope, P. P.
 Pratt, Mrs.
 Peters, Mrs. L.
 Pratt, Miss Mary
 Parsons, Miss B., Cambridge
 Phelps, S.
 Peters, G. H.
 Parker House
 Perkins, William
 Preston, J.
 Potter, J. C.
 Pratt, Mrs. William
 Pierce, H. L.
 Pierce, F.
 Pike, David
 Phillips, E. P.
 Pettingale, Mrs., Newbury-
 port
 Phillips, Mrs.
 Preston, I. P.
 Page, Samuel
 Parker, Wilder & Co.
 Palmer, D.
 Pope, E.
 Pomeroy, Mrs. E.
 Pierce, Mrs. A., Brookline

Poor, C. V.
 Peabody, Wm.
 Pickett, Mrs. John, Beverly
 Page, Edward
 Plumer, Avery
 Pope, W. & Sons
 Pecker, Seth & Co.
 Potter, Silas
 Pratt, Isaac
 Parker, David & Co.
 Paul, Joseph F.
 Phipps, George, Framing-
 ham
 Pickman, W. D.
 Pettengale, W. H., Cambridge
 Prosser, Mrs. Amanda M.
 Lexington
 Perry, O. W.
 Phelps, F. S.
 Pond, Moses W.
 Philbrook, I. W.
 Potter, Silas & Co.
 Pitkins, Mrs.
 Page, Mrs. H. P., Watertown
 Pratt, Mrs. E. W.
 Pope, Mrs. B. J.
 Perkins, S.
 Patten, Mrs. H. T.
 Pratt, E. F.
 Pratt, Chas. A.
 Pray, B. S.
 Pearson, John H., Jr., New-
 bury
 Pratt, Laban, Neponset,
 Mass.
 Patch, Lyman, Fitchburg
 Porter, Mrs. Dr.
 Partelow, W. H.
 Pratt, J.
 Porter, Mrs. W., Quincy

Q

Quincy, Hon. Josiah
 Quincy, Miss E. S.
 Quincy, T. D.
 Quincy, E., Dedham
 Quincy, Miss M.

R

Richardson, Mrs.
 Rice, Miss Lila P.
 Russell, G. R.
 Ropes, William
 Ropes, Mrs. William
 Roe, J., Milton
 Richardson, George, Dor-
 chester
 Rich, Isaac
 Reed, Washington
 Reed, S. G., Dorchester
 Richardson, John, Dorchester
 Richards, J. D.
 Raymond, C. B.
 Richardson, A.
 Richardson, George C.
 Richardson, C. T.
 Richardson, J.
 Richardson, Jeffrey
 Reed, Mrs. James
 Roberts, Mrs.
 Ritchie, Mrs.
 Rand, Mrs. E. L.
 Ruggles, S. P.
 Robinson, S.
 Robinson, George W.
 Rice, Kendall & Co.
 Robinson, E. B.
 Reed, J. H.
 Reed, Mrs. S.
 *Ritchie, U. & J.

Reed, Mrs. S. G., Roxbury
 Richardson, C. & Co.
 Robbins, Mrs. R.
 Riley, G. W.
 Richards, R. A.
 Rice, E. E.
 R. K. & Co.
 R. S. D.
 Riley, F. R.
 Richardson, G. L.
 Radford, Miss N., Hyde Park
 Radford, Miss Ann M., Plymouth
 Richards, F. C.
 Russ, Charles E.
 Robinson, J. S.
 Ripley, Robert
 Richie, Mrs. E. S., Brookline
 Richardson, N. H., Fitchburg
 Ropes, J. S.
 Rice, R. C., Concord
 Richards, Mrs. D. N.
 Rogers, R. D.
 Rhodes & Ripley
 Reed, Benjamin
 Russ, Augustus
 Richie, John, 2nd
 Raymond, F. H.
 Rice, F. & F. & Co.
 Richards, J. L.
 Ritchie, Miss, Brookline
 Rockwell Brothers
 Roberts & Co.
 Ropes, W. C. & Co., Boston
 Russell, Mrs. George, M. D., Boston
 Rideout & Co
 Russell, Mrs. W. A., Lawrence
 Roach, Geo. F.
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 Rice, Lewis
 Rideout, J.
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 Rowe, Mrs. H. R. S.
 Richards, Mrs., Brookline
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 Rogers, S. G.
 Rand, O. J.

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 Stimpson, Mrs. C. A., Charlestown
 Snow, Mrs.
 Stearns, R. H. & Co.
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 Spencer, A. W.
 Shaw, Gardner H.
 Shaw, Robert G.
 Shaw, Mrs. Rob't, Fitchburg
 Smith, J. B.
 Stone, Mr.
 Sturgis, Mr.
 Sturgis, William
 Sturgis, Henry D.
 Smith, Stephen
 Sullivan, Richard
 Sprague, Hon. Phineas
 Spence, John
 Spaulding, W. H.
 Stearns, S.
 Soule, S.
 Sumners, Swift & Co.
 Sewall, Day & Co.
 Sargent, Horace B.
 Stow, Robert B.

Simpson, George R.
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 Sturgis, James
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 Shimmen, Mrs. W.
 Story, Mrs.
 Story, Mr.
 Shaw, Q. A.
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 Sayles, Miss H.
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 Sherman, Mrs. Robert, Pawtucket, R. I.
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Upton, G. B.
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Upton, George
Underhill, B. K.

V

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Vinton, Mrs. S.
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Williams, John D.
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Whitney, J.
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Warren, George W.
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Winslow, E.

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Wells, Charles
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Williams, Mrs.
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Walko, Martin
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Wason, R. B.
Wilder, Mrs. Marshal P.
White, Luther L.
Warren, S. D.
Wright, E.
Williams, Miss S. N., Foxboro'
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Watson, Jeremiah
Wason, E.
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Walker, Samuel A.
Williams, Mr.
Wilcut, Mrs. L. L., West Roxbury
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Worthington, W.
Williams, T. S.
Windsor, Mrs. Jane, Duxbury
Weston, Mrs. H. B., Duxbury
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Wildes, Mrs. S.
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Wilder & Easterbrook
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Warren, C. W.
Walker, G. W.
Way, Mrs. S. A.
Wentworth & Faxon
Warren, Mrs. C. M., Brookline
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Whitney Israel
Whitney, Mrs.
Whitney, Israel G. & Co.
Wales, J. M.
Warren, Charles W.
Wellington, J. C.
Whitney, N. D. & Co.
Weld, O. E.
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Whitten, Burditt & Young
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Willard, Mrs. Eliza
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Y

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Baker, E. H., Jr.
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Burbank, G. S., Fitchburg
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Blake, Geo. F.

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Butler, Wm.
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Cash, Quincy
Coe, Henry F.
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Clark, B. F.
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Co., W. B.
Cash
Campbell, C. A.
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Davis, Mrs. S. C., Jr.
Dove, G. W. W.
Dodge, Theo.
Davis, Mrs. E. Sleeper
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Endicott, Wm., Jr., Beverly
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Plain

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Fenno, I. & Co.
Fenno & Manning
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Farnsworth, E.
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Hart, J. F.
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Johnson & Smith
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Nickerson, George A.
Nickerson, F. W.
Nickerson, Alfred A.
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O. C. & Son

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A CHANCE WORD.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Myra Sydney was sitting in the window of her little parlor watching the slow rising of a storm over the opposite sky. Even city streets have their opportunities. This street in which Miss Sydney dwelt was in the outskirts of a suburb, where building plots were still generously measured. It ran along the ridge of a slope, and Miss Sydney's house had the further advantage of standing opposite a group of vacant lots, beyond which, above the roofs and chimneys on the lower streets, a line of blue hills was visible, topped with woods and dappled with cloud shadows.

Many an autumn sunset had she watched from her front windows; many a soft spring rain and whirling snow storm. To some natures there are both companionship and compensation in the changeful aspects of nature. Myra was one of these. She would not have exchanged her little house with its wide view for any other, however magnificent, whose boundaries were brick walls alone; and sky, and sun, and hill, made for the leisure moments of her busy life a perpetual and unwearying feast.

The room in which Miss Sydney sat expressed its owner, as rooms will, whether meant to do so or not. In no respect of size or shape did it differ from No. 11 on one side, or No. 13 on the other, yet its aspect was anything rather than commonplace. The prevailing tint on the wall and floor was a soft olive, which made a background for brighter colored things,—for the old Indian shawl which did duty as a portiere; for a couple of deep-hued Eastern rugs; for pictures of various kinds and values, and a sprinkling of bric-a-brac, odd rather than valuable, but so chosen as to be in harmony with its surroundings.

Everything had a use. No pitfalls yawned for unwary guests in the shape of minute tables, Queen Anne or otherwise, laden with trumpery biscuit or Sevres, and ready to upset with a touch. A couple of short, old-fashioned sofas flanked the fire-place on either side, two or three easy chairs and a firm-set, low table, laden with books and periodicals, completed a sort of circle where ten or a dozen persons could group themselves around the blaze. Miss Sydney herself, slight, vivid, and very simply dressed, but without an ungraceful point or fold, was in accordance with her room.

The clock struck seven. The black cloud had crept to the zenith, and now a strong gust of wind swept from beneath it, bringing on its wings the first drop of rain. Miss Sydney rose and shut the window. At that moment the door bell rung.

"It's two girls with a parcel, Miss Myra," said Esther, the parlor maid. "They'd like to speak with you, they say."

Miss Sydney went out into her little entry. The girls, about the same age, were of the unmistakable shop-girl type. "You are from Snow & Asher's, I think?" she said in her courteous voice.

"Yes'm. Mr. Snow said he wasn't sure which of the under-waists it was that you took, so he sent both kinds, and you will try 'em on, please?"

"Certainly. Are you to wait for them?"

"Yes'm."

Miss Sydney made what haste she could, but before she returned the rain was falling in torrents. "You must wait till it slackens," she said. "You'll be very wet if you don't. Have you far to go?"

"She has," replied one of the girls, with an embarrassed giggle. "I'm pretty near by, and the horse-car runs just in front of the door. But Cary has to walk quite a long way, and her shoes is thin, too. She'd better wait, I guess, but I must go, any way."

Miss Sydney glanced at the shoes—cheap paper-soled boots, with a dusty velvet bow sewed on the top of each, and she, too, concluded that by all means "Cary" must wait.

"Come in here," she said, leading the way to the parlor. Esther had now lighted the lamp. A little fire sparkled on the hearth. Myra drew an easy chair close to it. "Sit down and have a thorough warming," she said. "It is a chilly evening."

"Yes'm."

The girl thrust the velvet-bowed shoes, which gaped for lack of buttons, out to the fire, and, half from embarrassment, held up a hand to shade her face. It was a small hand, with an ambiguous red gem on the forefinger. The nails were all bitten to the quick, Miss Sydney noticed.

The face shaded by the hand was not unpretty. The brown eyes had a straight forward, honest glance, the mouth was rather sweet, there was that delicacy of modeling, just bordering on fragility, which gives to the early youth of so many American women a fleeting charm. It was a face which softly-banded hair and low knot would suit; but, with the bad taste of her class, "Cary" had adopted the style of coiffure which became her least. All the front hair was an unkempt tangle of "bang." At the back was a mass of jute switches, braided, and surmounted with a gilt comb, and on top of the erection was perched a straw hat lined with blue, and ornamented with a be-draggled cock's tail. The dress of cheap material, was blue also, and was frilled and flounced into a caricature of the prevailing fashion. A ruffle of soiled lace surrounded the girl's neck, beneath which, over a not over-clean muslin tie, hung a smart locket of yellow metal—very yellow. Bangles clinked round the slender wrists. Beneath the puffed and ruffled skirt, a shabby petticoat of gray cotton peeped out. Though the weather was chilly the girl wore no wrap. Miss Sydney noted these details in half the time it has taken to describe them, and stirred with a pity that was half indignation, she said:

"My child, how could you think of coming out on such a day as this without a shawl?"

"I haven't any shawl."

"Well, a jacket, then."

"I haven't any jacket, either, that matches this dress, glancing complacently down at the beruffled skirt."

"But you would rather wear a jacket that didn't match your dress than catch a cold, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," admitted the girl, in rather an unwilling tone. "But the only one I've got is purple, and it looks horrid with this blue." Noting dissent in her companion's face, she added: "We poor girls can't have a wrap for every dress, like rich ladies do."

"No," said Miss Sydney, gently, "I know it. I never attempt to have a different wrap for each dress I wear. I cannot afford it, either."

"Cary" stared. "How queer!" she began, then changed it to, "But you and us are quite different, ma'am."

There was something wistful in the face, which touched Myra Sydney. "It will be time wasted, I dare say," she said to herself, "still, I should like, just for once, to argue out the dress question with a girl like this. She is one of a great class, and, poor things, they are so dreadfully foolish and ignorant." She made no immediate reply to her companion, but rose and rang the bell.

"I am going to give you a cup of tea," she said. "Hark, how it rains! You can't go yet, and you will be less likely to take cold when you do go, if you start well warmed. Besides I want to have you stay. I should like to have a little talk over this question of dress, which is so interesting to all of us women." She smiled brightly at her guest, who, as if dazzled, watched the entrance of the tray with its bubbling kettle, its plates of thin bread and butter, and crisp, dainty cakes; watched Myra measure the tea, warm the pot of gay Japanese ware, and when the brew was ready, fill the thin-lipped cups, and drop in sugar and cream.

"How nice!" she said with a sigh of satisfaction. Her heart opened under the new, unwonted kindness and comfort, and Miss Sydney had little difficulty in learning what she wished to know. Cary Thomas was the girl's name. She had lived "at home" till two years ago. Did she like the city? Yes, she liked it well enough, but it was not much like home to board. She and another girl that worked at Snow & Asher's, had a room together, out in Farewell Street. They had pretty good times when they were not too full of work, but in the busy season they stayed so late at the store that they didn't want anything when they got home, except to go straight to bed. They got seven dollars a week, and more when there was extra work to do.

"Can you lay up anything out of that?" asked Miss Sydney.

"No, ma'am, not a cent; at least I don't. There are some girls in the store that do, but they've got sick friends to save for."

"Now," said Miss Sydney, having thus felt her way, "to go back to the jacket question. As I told you, I can't at all afford to have one for every dress."

"Can't you ma'am; and what do you do, then?"

"I buy but one jacket which will do with everything I wear."

"But that isn't a suit," said Cary, doubtfully.

"No; but is it absolutely necessary that everything should be a suit?"

"The girls at our store think so much of suits," she said, in a puzzled tone of self-defence.

"I know some people have a fancy for them, and they are very pretty sometimes. But don't you see that they must cost a great deal of money, and that working people, you and myself, for instance, ought to manage more carefully?"

"Do you work, ma'am?"

"To be sure I do. You look surprised. Ah, you think that because I have a little home of my own, and live in a pretty room, I must be a fine lady with nothing to do. That's a mistake of yours. I work nearly as many hours a day as you do, and earn the greater part of my own income, and I have to consult economy to keep my home and make it pleasant, and among the things which I can't afford to have, are 'suits.'"

"I wish you'd tell me how you do, ma'am."

"I will, though I'm not in the habit of talking quite so freely about my affairs, but I'll tell you because it may give you an idea of how to manage better for yourself. In the first place I keep two or three colors. I have a black gown or two, and an olive-brown, and this yellowish-green that you see, and some lighter ones, white or pale yellow. Now with any one of these the same bonnet will do. The one I am wearing now is black, with a little jet and pale yellow, and it goes perfectly well with all my dresses, and so does my black cashmere jacket, and my parasol and gloves, which are yellow also. Don't you see that there is an economy in this, and that if I had a purple dress, and a blue one, and a brown, I should want a different bonnet for each, and different gloves, and parasol?"

"Why, yes, it does seem so," said Cary, drawing a long breath. "I'd like to do something different myself, but I don't suppose I'd know how —"

"Would you mind if I told you what I think?" asked Myra gently.

"No'm, I'd thank you."

"It seems to me that the chief trouble with girls who work in stores is that they care more for being what they call 'stylish' than for being either neat or pretty. A young girl can look her best in a simple dress, if it is well put on and becoming."

"That's what mother used to say. And Mark, he always liked me best in a white bib-apron. To be sure he never saw me in city clothes" — she stopped, blushing.

"Is Mark your brother?" asked Myra. Then she smiled at her own stupidity, for such a deep flush as mantled in Cary's cheek is seldom evoked by the mention of a brother.

"No'm, he's just a — friend. His folks and mine live opposite."

"In Gilmantown, and is he a farmer?"

"His father farms, and Mark works for him; but his time is out in the Spring, and then he calculates to set up for himself."

"Does he ever come to the city?"

No, not once since I was here, but he speaks some of coming down along toward Spring, and that's one reason I'd like to look as stylish as I can, so's not to be different from the rest, when Mark comes."

"I think in his place I should prefer you to be different," said Miss Sydney, decidedly. "Now, Cary, don't be offended, but what you girls aim at is to look like the ladies who come to the shop, isn't it? — 'stylish,' as you would say?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," admitted Cary.

"Well, then, I must tell you the plain truth; you utterly fail in your attempt. No one would mistake a girl, dressed as you are at this moment, for a lady; nobody! — but" — disregarding the deep flush on her companion's cheeks — "if I went into a shop, and saw there a young lady as pretty and as delicately made as you are, Cary, with hair as smooth as satin, and a simple gown that fitted exactly, and a collar and cuffs as white as snow, and perhaps a black silk apron or a white one, and with neat shoes and nice stockings, — if I saw a girl dressed like that, with nothing costly, nothing that any girl cannot have, but everything fresh, and neat and pretty, I should say to myself 'There is a shop-girl with the true instincts of a lady.' And Cary — don't think me impertinent — if Mark came to town and saw a girl like that among the crowd of untidy, over-dressed ones at Snow & Asher's, I think the contrast would strike him as it would me — agreeably!"

Miss Sydney paused, half frightened at her own daring. Cary looked steadily into the fire without speaking. The rain had ceased. Myra rose and threw back the blind revealing the moon struggling through a cloud. Cary followed her to the window. Her cheeks were deep red, but there was a frank and grateful look in her eyes as she said:

"I must be going, now, ma'am. You've been ever so good to let me stay. I shan't forget it, and — I guess you're about right."

"I wonder if I said the right thing, or have done the least good?" queried Miss Sydney, as she watched her guest depart.

It was some weeks before she had occasion again to visit Snow & Asher's, and she had half forgotten the little incident, when one day, entering the shop in quest of something, her attention was attracted by a face which beamed with sudden smiles at the sight of her. It was indeed Cary, but such a different Cary from the draggled vision of the wet evening! She still wore the blue dress, but the flounces had been ripped off, and the front was hidden by a black silk apron. The tangle of hair was smoothed like ordinary waves, a white collar with a knot of blue ribbon was round her neck; one of the objectionable rings had disappeared, and so had the yellow locket. So changed and so much prettier was the little maiden that Miss Sydney scarcely knew her, till blush and smile pointed her out.

She waited on her customer with assiduity, and under cover of a box of ruffles they exchanged confidences. Did Miss Sydney think she looked better? She was so glad. The girls had laughed at her, at first, but not so

much now, and her room-mate, Ellen Morris, had got herself an apron like hers. Miss Sydney left the shop with a pleased amusement at her heart. She meant to go often, to keep a little hold on Cary, but circumstances took her off to Florida, soon afterward, and it was late in April when she returned.

"That girl from Snow & Asher's was here to see you about a week ago, ma'am," said Esther, the evening after her arrival. "I told her you was expected Tuesday, and she said she would come again to-day, for she wanted to speak you particular, and she was going away. There she is now."

Cary indeed it was, with a steady, manly-looking young fellow by her side.

"It is Mark, Miss Sydney," she said, by way of introduction. Later, when Mark had walked over to the window to see the view, she explained further in a rapid undertone: "He came down two months ago, while you were away, ma'am. I came to tell you, but you was gone, and — day after to-morrow I'm going back with him to Gilmantown. I told him he must bring me out to-night, for I couldn't leave here without saying good-bye to you."

"You are going to be married?"

"Yes" — with a happy look — "to-morrow morning. And oh, Miss Sydney, what do you think Mark says?" He says if he'd found me looking like the rest of the girls at the store, with false hair, and jewelry, and all that, he'd never in the world have asked me at all. And I did look just like that, you know. It was what you said that rainy night that made me change, and except for that nothing would have happened that has, and I shouldn't be the girl I am —"

"Bread on the waters," thought Myra, as a little later she watched the lovers walk down the street. "Such a little crumb, and such wide waters, yet it has come back! How impossible it seems, or would seem, if one did not have to believe that what we call chances and accidents are God's opportunities, by which he allows us to lend a helping hand in His work, not quite understanding what we do, but knowing that guided by Him the smallest things end sometimes in great results."

THE GOOD FIGHT.

How often in the epistles of Paul he compares the Christian life to a warfare. Every child of God knows by experience that it is indeed a warfare — a hand to hand fight; not with flesh and blood, but with spiritual enemies.

There is need, as the apostle urges, of putting on the whole armor of God, for anger, pride, selfishness, and a legion of kindred foes, lurk at every corner, waiting a favorable moment of attack.

We should weary of this contest, if it were not unlike all others in one respect. In earthly combats, it is often doubtful which side will win; but in this good fight of faith, if we comply with the conditions and go valiantly forth under the leadership of our great Captain, we are sure of victory at the last. In every encounter, we shall be "conquerors and more than conquerors, through Him who loved us and gave himself for us." Myriads cheered by this assurance, have struggled bravely on, until, arrived at their journey's end, they say in the triumphant words of Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day." Take courage, gird on the Christian armor, for the glorious promise is ours, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true :
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from its common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet —
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for angels, but feet for men !
We may borrow the wings to find a way,
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

AN AFFABLE MANNER.

Much of the happiness of life depends upon our outward demeanor. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn irresistibly to those who are obliging, affable, and sympathetic in their demeanor. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging word, the respectful manner, bear no small share in creating the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acrid remark, the cold and indifferent manner, the curt and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful bearing, are responsible for more of human distress, despair, and woe, than their transient nature might seem to warrant.

TIME, says a late writer, brings experience in its train. We learn that "vice does not pay." We discover by degrees that the sin is far less sweet than we fancied, and that it costs much dearer than we had bargained for. We grow better calculators than we were; we reflect more profoundly; we measure and weigh more accurately.

THE MINISTER'S OLD COAT.

"Minister's sons are very apt to turn out badly," said I to the gentleman who sat next to me in the car. We had met in the train, bound for Chicago, and had struck up an acquaintance. He stopped me with his hand on my arm, and with an earnest look which I shall never forget. I paused at once in what I was saying, and it seemed for a moment almost as if the rushing train had stopped to listen too.

"Let me tell you a story," he said. "I know it is a common belief that ministers' sons are wild, but that is because people talk about the bad ones, while those who turn out well are taken as a matter of course. I gathered statistics about them once, and found that out of one thousand sons of ministers there were few who did not grow up useful and industrious men."

"But what is your story?" I asked, settling back in my seat.

"Well," said he, "it begins with a class-supper in Boston, a dozen years ago. A number of old college friends had gathered in the evening for their annual reunion. Among them was the rich merchant, J. E. Williston — perhaps you have heard of him — and a poor pastor of a country church in Elmbank village, out in western Massachusetts, whose name was Blake. A good many of the class had died, and the dozen or so elderly men who were left felt more tender than ever toward each other as they thought of the bright old days at Harvard, and how soon no one would be left on earth who shared in that happy time. The dishes came and went, the lights glowed brilliantly, and at last the friends grew quite gay. But the tender feeling I have spoken of would come uppermost now and then; and in one of these musing moments Williston's eye was attracted by something glistening about the coat which his friend Blake, who sat next to him, had on. He looked closer, and saw that the black cloth of which it was made had been worn so thin and smooth that it was very shiny.

"'Well, Blake,' said he, suddenly taking hold of his friend's arm cordially (which he somehow hadn't thought of before), 'how has the world gone with you lately?'

"Blake had a naturally sad and thoughtful face; but he looked around quickly with a warm smile.

"No need to ask," he said, laughingly. "You can read the whole story on my back. This old coat is a sort of balance sheet, which shows my financial condition to a T."

"Then he spoke more seriously, adding: 'It is a pretty hard life, Williston, that of a country parson. I don't complain of my lot, though sometimes I'm distressed for my family. The fact is, this coat that I have on is hardly fit for a man of my profession to appear in, but I'm going to send my boy Sam to Harvard this year, and must pinch here and there to do it. I really ought to be thankful, though, that I can get such advantages for him by a few little sacrifices of personal appearance and convenience.'

"'Don't you give a thought of your coat, old fellow,' returned Williston. 'Nobody who knows you will ever imagine that the heart inside of it is threadbare, however the garment may look.'

"Blake was pleased with this kindly expression, and both men, after that exchange of confidence, felt happier. But among the various incidents of the evening this one almost passed out of the minister's mind by the next day when he started for Elmbank. Speedy as his return was, however, something meant for him had got to his destination before him. It was a letter. Taking it up he broke open the envelope and found inside a few words from Williston, with a check for \$500 to defray the first year's college expenses of his old classmate's son.

"You are a stranger to me, sir," said my travelling companion to me at this point, "but I think you will appreciate the feeling with which poor Mr. Blake stood in his bare and dingy study in the old farm parsonage, holding that letter in his hand and lifting his faithful eyes in thankfulness to God."

"Yes," I replied. "Williston did just the right thing, too. And how was it? Did the son show that he deserved the help?"

My acquaintance looked away from me at the rich country through which we were passing. Then he said: "Sam Blake was a good-natured, obedient fellow enough, and was greatly pleased to have the expense of his first college year taken off his father's shoulders; but his sense of duty didn't go very far. The Rev. Mr. Blake bought a new coat, and Sam entered Harvard that fall; and there matters stopped for a while."

"A freshman has a great deal to learn, as you know; but I think the chief thing Sam learned that term was the great difference there is between Harvard and a little village like Elmbank, and the great difficulty of working and playing at the same time. Here he had society meetings to attend, and rooms of his own, with a chum, where a great deal of smoking was done by himself and his friends. And then there was base ball, into which it appeared indispensable for the honor of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his strong legs, wonderful wind, and ground batting. He could not refuse to go to the theatre occasionally with his richer companions. Sam took a natural interest in the society of young ladies, too, and had to give up some time to its cultivation. He also thought that a moderate amount of practice in the gymnasium was desirable to prevent his health breaking down under the confinement of study. So, on the whole, the actual work that he did in the college was not very extensive. This didn't seem to have any bad effect till well along in the winter, when the habit of shirking work had grown so strong without his noticing it that he fell easily into reading novels when he ought to have been in the recitation-room. Gymnasium, theatre, billiards, smoking—and I am afraid I must say a little drinking—frittered away his time."

"One horribly snowy, sleety morning, when he had got up too late for prayers, the postman brought him a note from the faculty—an 'admonition.' He dropped the pipe he was lighting, and bolted off to recitation. But he 'deaded' immediately, and that discouraged him. He soon began to make light of the warning, and did himself no credit in his studies. Though he managed to squeeze through the examination at the end of the freshman year, he came out far down toward the foot of his class. He wasn't quite contented with himself, and thought he'd try to do better the next year. But during the journey home recovered his usual spirits."

"When he walked up the village toward the parsonage farm he was thinking that—since he was a sophomore now—he would buy the knottiest and biggest-headed cane in Cambridge when he should go back there. And what do you suppose was the first thing that met him at home?" It was his father out in the field digging for new potatoes, his coat off, and his spectacled face perspiring. The sight struck shame into the boy. He vaulted the fence, and running up, with hardly a pause for greeting, cried:

"Oh, father, let me do that. I don't like to see you at work."

"Mr Blake stopped and looked earnestly and rather sadly at him."

"Well, Sam, I think that's about as good a how-d'ye-do as you could have offered me. There is right about you after all."

"It had not occurred to Sam that there was any doubt on that point before. He blushed as he asked:

"Where's the hired man?"

"I've discharged him. I can't afford one at present, my son," was the answer.

"Sam was rather puzzled, and began to reflect."

"They went into the house, and there, when the minister reappeared after making his toilet, his son noticed that he wore the old shabby, shiny

coat. At this he was more than ever astonished. The supper, also, notwithstanding that it was the first night of the prodigal's return, was very meagre. Not a single luxury was on the table, and Sam observed that his father and mother took no sugar and butter. His own appetite began to fail at seeing this, and his perception was sharpened accordingly. He was now aware that his father looked very thin as well as sad. Suddenly he laid down his knife and exclaimed to his sister Katy:

"Sis, what does all this mean — this going without the hired man, and starving yourselves?"

"His sister looked at him, then glanced at Mr. Blake and her mother, and made no answer.

"I thought," said Sam, petulantly, "that Williston's money was going to make it easy for you, father; and here the pinching is going on five times worse than ever."

"I don't own my friend Williston's money," said the minister, quietly.

"Of course not. But the five hundred dol' — Sam stopped abruptly on an entreating gesture from his sister.

"The subject was not resumed. But before he went to bed Sam obtained an interview with his sister alone. He felt secretly that he was responsible for the depression and trouble which seemed to fill the household, but that only made him speak more impetuously. 'Now, sis,' he began, 'can I get two words of sense out of you?'

"Not until you ask politely," she replied.

"Well, then, please tell me what the mystery is."

"It ought not to be a mystery to you, Sam, that you haven't done well at college. Papa is terribly disappointed."

"I don't see why he should commit suicide if he is," Sam retorted, "I haven't cost him much this year."

"Oh, yes, you have. Do you know he actually sold his new coat?"

"Why?" Sam frowned.

"Because he's been trying every way to save money since he began to get reports of how you were wasting your time."

"What for?" asked Sam, though he began to suspect.

"Well he — how should I know? Don't you see? He's ashamed to have had that money from his old classmate, and he's nearly saved enough and he's going to pay it all back. There, I was to keep it secret, and now I've told you!" And his sister burst into tears. "You've nearly broken his heart, Sam — poor papa!"

"The next day Mr. Blake's son went off directly after breakfast, and was not seen again till afternoon. Coming back he overtook his father coming from the post-office.

"I know all about it!" he exclaimed in his excitement. "Katy told me last night. I wish, though, you'd held to the new coat awhile."

"Why?" asked Mr. Blake, imperturbably.

"Because," said Sam, "I'm going to pay my own way now. I've been off, to-day, and hired out for the season to Farmer Hedgeburton. You won't send that money to Williston, will you, father?"

"You are too late," was the minister's answer, "I've just mailed the letter to him."

"In fact next day the kind merchant's eyes were dimmed as he read these words:

"DEAR WILLISTON: My dear boy — it almost breaks my heart to say so — has not proved worthy of your generosity. I have decided to return the sum you sent me for his last year, and you will find a draft enclosed for that amount. BLAKE."

Here I interrupted the narrator. "Does not this story prove what I said at the beginning?" I asked.

"No; for that isn't the end of it. Sam went down to Boston in the autumn with a few dollars of earnings in his pocket. He had decided to give up college, and so applied to Mr. Williston for a clerkship.

"He told him: 'I proved myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself worthy.'"

"Williston gave him a position and he worked there two years. Then an opportunity offered to go West and take a partnership in—what do you think? The clothing business! Sam jumped at it; and you may believe he sent his father next Christmas the finest coat that concern could produce.

"I am a well-to-do man now, sir," continued my acquaintance, suddenly speaking in the first person, "and when you get to Chicago, if you will come to my establishment I will show you my father's (the minister's) old shiny coat, which I preserved because it was the beginning of a fortune and made a man of me."

"Then," I exclaimed, taking him by the hand, "it is yourself you have been talking about all this time. You are—"

"Sam," continued my new friend, nodding and smiling.

ASLEEP ON HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

(A true incident.)

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

A mother was borne to the churchyard old,
 'Neath a drooping willow's shade;
 And sad was the knell the church bell tolled,
 As there her pale form they laid.

But none there were of the weeping band
 Knew aught of the wild despair,
 Or felt the dread chill of death's cold hand,
 Save the boy who lingered there.

Closer he crept to his mother's side,
 And the tear drops fell like rain;
 For never again in the world so wide
 Would he find her like again.

Then forth he went from the sacred spot
 Full many a mile away;
 In other scenes where her form was not,
 To toil through the weary day.

He missed his mother's cheering smile,
 And her ever tender care,
 And he missed her soft white hand the while,
 As it smoothed his golden hair.

Cold, bitter words, in fierce anger given,
 Fell harsh on the orphan's ear;
 And away from the sound with anguish driven,
 He fled in his grief and fear.

Still on he went with weary feet,
 Where his only refuge lay,
 Thinking the while that her voice so sweet,
 Was guiding the doubtful way.

With tear-stained cheek, 'neath the moon's clear light,
 Where the willow branches wave,
 They found the poor orphan boy that night,
 Asleep on his mother's grave.

ALL FOR HIM.

"It's hard to get along, little wife, isn't it?" said Gerald May, as he closed his account book, and looked somewhat ruefully at the solitary five shillings, which was all that remained of his month's salary, after the house-keeping bills were settled, and the rent paid, and the outstanding accounts balanced up satisfactorily.

Mabel May was kneeling on the hearth-rug, toasting a piece of bread for her husband's supper. She turned round, with cheeks flushed by the firelight, and rosy lips apart.

"O Gerald!" said she, "I do try so hard to be economical."

"Of course you do, little chick," said he, leaning over to capture one particular curl of reddish brown hair that was drooping, in spirals of gold, over the fair forehead, and giving it an affectionate little twitch. "Don't I know that, without your telling me?"

"But I wish I could help you," cried Mabel.

"Oh, I wish I knew of any way to earn money myself!"

Gerald May looked at her with an amused smile.

"My dear," said he, "one would as soon expect an oversized doll to earn money."

"Other women do," said Mabel, critically surveying the slice of bread, to make sure that it was artistically browned on both sides.

"But you are such a child!"

"I am two-and-twenty," said Mabel, solemnly.

"Nonsense!" said Gerald; "what could *you* do to earn money?"

Mabel colored a little at the depreciatory tone of the words.

"Gerald," said she, "I do wish you would treat me more like a woman and less like a child. Don't you suppose that I have as much talent as the rest of my sex?"

Gerald laughed good humoredly.

"Pour out the tea," said he, "before you go on rhapsodizing."

"You don't think I can do anything," cried Mabel, half indignantly; "only just because I am a woman."

"Some women can drive Fate single-handed," said Gerald May, sipping his tea with provoking nonchalance; "but you're not of the sort, my dear."

But long after Gerald had lighted his student lamp, and commenced his evening avocation of copying law papers, by which pursuit he added a small sum to the income which would otherwise have been quite insufficient for even the slender wants of the young married pair, Mabel sat, with folded hands, gazing into the red coals, as if she could read there some clue to the problem of her life.

"Only five shillings left of our month's money after our month's bills are all settled," said Mrs. Mabel to herself, screwing up her little rosebud of a mouth. "Oh, dear! this isn't the way to get rich. We *must* make a little more money. I can't write love stories and poetry, and I *won't* sew for starvation prices; and I don't see my way clear to being a shop-girl, because there's dear old Gerald to be looked after and kept comfortable. But I *do* think I could sing, if only I obtained a chance. M. Martelli, at boarding-school, used to say I had a good soprano. I'll ask Mrs. Lacy, up stairs, to let me practice a little on her piano, and then I'll try my fortune. Gerald would say it was all nonsense; but then I don't mean to ask Gerald's advice."

And three or four weeks afterwards, when Mrs. May presented herself, trembling and fluttered, before Signor Severo, that musical autocrat viewed her with favorable eyes through his eye-glasses.

"You advertised for a soprano, sir," said Mabel, turning carmine and white by turns.

"Certainly, madame, I did," said the signor: "for ze choir in Magnolia-square Church."

"Will you please try me?"

"Wiz ze greatest of pleasure, madame?" briskly opening the huge grand piano which stood like a family coffin in the middle of the room. "And what will you sing?"

"Whatever you please, sir."

Signor Severo rustled a piece of music out of a drift some three feet high on the floor.

"*Bien!* We will try zis," he said.

He struck the chords, and rising up on the wings of the sublime harmony, Mabel's voice soared like a bird.

Signor Severo nodded when the *aria* was over, and rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Madame," said he, "it is strong—it is sweet. You have one good idea of the time and tune—you know how to manage ze voice."

"And you will give me a trial?"

Mabel's heart was beating so rapidly that she could hardly speak. The signor nodded.

"And if ze musical committee accept you—mind, madame, I do not say zey will, for of all committees, musical committees are ze most capricious—we will give you ze salarie of one hundred and fifty pounds ze year. I play ze organ; I lead ze choir, when it will be led at all," with a comical shrug of his shoulders, "and I shall you most cordially recommend."

One hundred and fifty pounds a year? Why, that was as much as Messrs. Stint & Scrape paid Gerald for his drudgery work behind the book keeper's desk. It would double their little income at once, and enable them to lay something by for the rainy day that comes to everyone, sooner or later. Oh, could it be possible that such good luck was in store for her?

It was late one Sunday night when Gerald May sat yawning before his solitary fire. Mabel had been spending the day and evening with a friend—or at least so she said—and Gerald was beginning to realize how lonely home was without its pervading spirit.

At length the door opened, and Mabel came in rosy and dimpled, and wrapped in a huge shawl.

"Have you been *very* lonesome, dear?" she said, radiantly.

"I've felt just exactly like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island," said, Gerald, with a grimace. "And what sort of a day have *you* had, little woman?"

"Oh, pleasant enough,"—evasively. "But tell me, Gerald, how have you whiled away the time?"

"I've been to a fashionable church," said Mr. May, "in Magnolia Square. And I must take you there, Mabel, to hear the music. Why, it's equal to an oratorio. The tears came out of my eyes as I listened—it seemed as if my soul were floating up, and up, and up, on the current of that divine melody!"

"Was it very fine?"

Mrs. May's face was turned away as she was fastening a loose button in her boot.

"The finest soprano I have ever heard!" cried Gerald, enthusiastically. "You *must* listen to her, Mabel!"

The young wife turned to him with cheeks suffused with crimson.

"Gerald," said she, "I must tell you a secret. I, too, was at church this morning."

"And you heard that delicious soprano?"

"Yes—no—I don't know whether I did or not, Gerald," flinging her arms around his neck: "I was the soprano. Oh, Gerald, forgive me for keeping you in ignorance so long, but I dared not tell you until I knew positively that I should either succeed or fail! And, heaven be praised, I have succeeded!"

Gerald's eyes, too, were full in spite of his assumed stoicism.

"My little darling!" he whispered, caressingly. "And I suppose they pay you some trifling salary?"

"One hundred and fifty pounds a year, Gerald!" she answered, with innocent triumph.

"What!" he involuntarily exclaimed. "That's something worth having. Why, you must be a genius, little wife!"

"We can save a little money now, dear," she said, lightly; "and you needn't take any more of that tiresome law-copying, and I can hire a piano to practice with; and — and — oh, Gerald, I am so happy!"

For Mabel had at last succeeded in attaining the goal of her feminine ambitions.

DAISY.

Little Gussie Elliot was very happy as she swung back and forth in the scarlet hammock, which Papa Elliot had just bought for his only child. The roomy door-yard was filled with fragrance exhaled from the pretty violets thickly strewn through the dewy green grass. Gussie was singing a lullaby to her great doll Arabella Victoria, who sat on her lap, cuddled closely to her little mamma's fat shoulder. Gussie hushes her song, however, when she sees her papa and Mr. Miller, his friend, walking up the street, for she thinks papa's face was never so sober before. As they reach the gate Mr. Elliot leans upon it instead of coming in, and Gussie hears him say: "My heart aches for poor Carter. He was my dearest friend in the old, care-free days."

"But you surely cannot care for him now—he is too degrading, too brutal. What a terrible act! To think of his giving his own child her death-blow!" answered Mr. Miller.

"Terrible indeed!" Mr. Elliot said sadly; "but I do care for him and long to show him at least pity."

Mr. Miller passed on slowly towards his home, and Mr. Elliot entered his yard, to be greeted by Gussie with the question, "What is the matter, papa? You look so sad."

Mr. Elliot lifted Gussie in his arms, tenderly kissed the sweet little mouth, and said: "Hiram Carter has no rosebud lips to kiss any more, and papa pities him."

"Where's Daisy, papa? Can't he kiss dear little Daisy Carter? Or won't she let him, papa?" If she won't its 'cause he smells so. Ugh! I wouldn't kiss such a papa, either."

"Daisy is dead, my dear little girl. Her father had been drinking heavily, and as he entered his own door, finding something which did not please him, he threw his cane angrily at his little daughter, killing her instantly, for it hit her temple."

Two days passed, and the day had come to bury little Daisy. Her father had not shed a tear since his little one's eyes had closed for ever. He had only left the room for a few minutes at a time, and had scarcely slept or eaten. He watched the ladies robe the little waxen form in the dainty white dress; saw them arrange the beautiful silky hair so as to cover the unsightly wound; noticed how tenderly they folded the little white hands, and yet no tears came. He could hear Daisy's mother sobbing from the next room; he could hear her ceaseless pacing up and down; yet he sat still, only looking at the casket and the occupant. He could see every move that the attendants made, although he was slightly screened from view by a heavy curtain. The door opened and Gussie Elliot entered: there was a basket upon her arm, and as she uncovered it she said huskily: "Here are my pretty violets; Daisy loved them so. Won't you put them all about her, and one tiny bunch in her hand?"

"Yes, dear, we will use them all. The shy, fair flowers, how beautiful they are!" one of the ladies answered, as she uncovered the little, still face so that Gussie could look.

Gussie's tears trickled down her cheeks as she looked at her little friend. "I loved her so!" she said, "an' I wanted her to stay so much, that I cried nearly all night. It was wrong to disturb mamma and papa, I know, but it

seemed as if I could'nt help it ; but I feel better now, 'cause papa says Daisy left the gates ajar."

"The gates ajar?"

"Yes, ma'am, heaven's gates, you know, so as her papa and mamma can follow her. She'll be waitin', papa says, for them to come."

Gussie, startled and trembling, went toward the window as Mr. Carter called, "Come here, child. Do you know that I killed my little girl? Say, do you, child?"

"Papa told me all about it ; but he says it was the drink that did it, an' papa says Daisy won't remember it, 'cause she loved you, and she'll leave the gates ajar ; an' you'll climb toward the gates, won't you, sir, 'cause sweet little Daisy is waiting?" And Gussie rubbed her hand sympathizingly over Mr. Carter's as the tears — the first tears — rolled down his cheeks.

Daisy's friend went home, but the blue violets and the sweet child-words had performed their mission. To-day Mr. Carter is still climbing toward the gates which Daisy left ajar.

THE TWO PATHS OF CHILDHOOD.

LOUISE S. UPHAM.

The day was warm and bright and fair
Rare gladness thrilled the sunny air ;
And past my open window, lo !
I saw two happy mothers go.

And one was clad in russet-gown ;
Her hands were hard and bare and brown ;
She moved as one that toil has made
Of every leisure hour afraid.

And one wore robes whose spotless grace,
Of wealth and culture left sure trace ;
Her step was light and soft and free,
As any springing fawn's might be.

And both held, clasped in tender arms,
Sweet babyhood, whose winsome charms
To each of those fond mothers lent
A look of rapture and content.

Two baby-boys, with wide, round eyes,
As blue as cloudless Summer skies ;
Ah ! who can tell us, how or why
So far apart their pathways lie ?

Two dimpled hands are formed to hold
The scepter, wrought from shining gold ;
And two will hard and callous grow,
By ways that only toilers know.

Two rosy feet will try their powers
Where flowers illumine the fragrant hours ;
And two will tread the path that leads
Through thorny fields and briery meads.

Ah ! none can tell us, how or why,
So far apart their pathways lie !
But who will make the nobler man ?
This question answer, ye who can.

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

Many a seeming accident illustrates Cowper's lines :

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Dr. Hamlin so long the head of Robert College, Constantinople, tells one of these "accidents." One hot day in 1838, while passing the Galata Custom House, a crowd attracted his attention. Forcing his way through it, he saw a poor sailor lying by the side of the wall, apparently dying of cholera.

"Do you speak English?" asked Dr. Hamlin.

"Yes," said the man, following the word with an oath.

"Are you an Englishman or an American?"

"American"—another oath.

Worse expressions showed that profanity had become his mother tongue. Dr. Hamlin, after many appeals to the crowd whose brutal natures were stirred by the prospect of seeing him die, secured assistance and removed the sailor to a house.

For several weeks he was nursed and visited by the missionaries. He recovered and sailed for Boston. On the morning he left, he called on his missionary friend to say good-by. Lingerin' for a moment by the door, he said, "I have been a very wicked man, Mr. Hamlin, and have done all the evil I could in the world, and now I am going to do all the good I can."

Three years after, Dr. Hamlin received a letter from him which thus began :

"DEAR MR. HAMLIN: Thank God I still survive the dead! I am here workin' and blowin' the gospel trumpet on the Eri Kanal."

When Dr. Goodell, an old missionary, saw the letter, he asked that he might begin the answer; and taking a sheet of paper wrote :

"DEAR MR. BROWN: Blow away, brother, blow! Yours in blowing the same gospel trumpet.
WILLIAM GOODELL."

Twenty-five years later, Dr Hamlin, while dining at a hotel in Paris, was accosted by an American gentleman.

"I am just from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands," said the gentleman. "I have known a man there by the name of Brown, who has done a great deal of good among the sailors. He can go everywhere and anywhere with the Bible. He told me how he was once dying, a blasphemous dog (his own words), in the streets of Constantinople, and you picked him up and saved him, body and soul. Is it all true, or is it part of a sailor's yarn?"

What seemed the accidental passing of Mr. Hamlin down a street in Constantinople was the means by which God saved a "blasphemous dog," and sent him blowin' the "gospel trumpet" along the "Eri Kanal," and among the islands of the Pacific. Is there such a thing as an accident in God's moral government?—*Youth's Companion*.

RULES OF CONDUCT.

Never give promises that you do not fulfill. Never laugh at the misfortunes of others. Never send a present, hoping for one in return. Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed. Never make yourself the hero of your own story. Never make much of your own performances. Never pick the teeth nor clean the nails in company. Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never read letters which you may find addressed to others. Never question a servant or child about family matters. Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies.

THE magnitude of human suffering baffles the boldest enterprises of philanthropy, and single-handed effort seems almost useless work: yet if each exert his influence upon his immediate surroundings, like the influence of the pebble on the pond, the circles of humanizing influence shall go on extending until they touch the circumference of human need.

SEND THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Amongst the dirt and noise and heat
 Of a tenement district city street,
 Where the summer air is a poisonous breath,
 Heavily laden with seeds of death,
 Where grass and trees are things unknown,
 Where sorrow and sin are the harvests sown,
 Are thousands of little children.

Their faces are thin and sad and worn,
 Their garments scanty, faded, and torn;
 Many are lame and some are blind,
 Others are feeble in body or mind;
 And those who are well have a weary air,
 As though their life-burdens were heavy to bear,
 Too heavy for little children.

But far away from the city's din,
 Far away from its want and sorrow and sin,
 In country homes, where God's pure air
 Finds ready access everywhere —
 On breezy hill-sides, in valleys deep,
 Or where old ocean lulls to sleep —
 Waits a welcome for little children.

No matter how poor, or feeble, or ill
 The "Fresh Air Fund" has a royal will
 To do for all what it does for one.
 Then out from the dirt and noise and heat,
 Into the summer air fresh and sweet,
 'Mong the grass and trees and blooming wheat,
 Send the weary little children.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CARING FOR SICK FOLKS.—Try to keep a pretty china cup and saucer, a delicate plate and a small goblet, to present food on, to the sick. One expert nurse always serves beef-tea and milk in a wine-glass; one of the thin, bell-shaped glasses, that hold more than they look to hold. A sick person will turn away from a bowl of soup, and be pleased with a pretty cupful. Sick children, especially, are amused and pleased with the color and pattern of the cups and dishes, and there is a trace of the fretful child in every invalid. There is something tempting in a small quantity. It does not tax the eye. Therefore, present just as little as you judge the invalid wants to see. A coarse white dinner plate, heaped with food, will take away all appetite, while a small plate or saucer, especially if it is a pretty, dainty one, will be successfully cleared. A mauve sancer, or a pink plate, will coax a feverish patient to eat rice pudding, or orange cream, or a few grapes, when all other arts have failed. There seems to be an appetite of the eye as well as the stomach, and it must not be offended.

Very often the effort to lift the head, even if persons are not dangerously ill, disinclines them to take refreshing or nourishing drink. There is no need to disturb such sufferers by propping them up with pillows, and making them lift their heads and change their position. A bent glass tube, sold for five cents at the apothecary's, is not a signal of extreme illness or lowness, except that the head may rest low. It simply means comfort, and that the in-

valid may not be disturbed, in a sick head-ache or extreme fatigue, but can take the beverage provided without a change of position. The art of comfort is not cure, but it goes a great way toward it.

TABLE decoration has come to be as important a part of a dinner as the menu, and the arrangement of the table is criticised as closely by the lady guests as the menu is by the gentlemen, the latter being rarely known to notice the floral decorations, until after dessert. Flowers upon the table can fortunately be had by any lover of art and beauty, be she rich or otherwise. Of course the rich have the best of it, as they do of most matters in this world, but flowers are not expensive, and are easily cultivated so that this is one luxury, at least, within the reach of all. To study out a novel design, or an original way of grouping your flowers, is now considered quite an accomplishment. Wealthy people pay exorbitant prices to the florist for a new design or scheme of color, but after all a table arranged by a "professional" has, nine times out of ten, a look as if the mechanic or the undertaker had had a hand in the decoration. A lady of taste can excel him without half the labor or fuss, to say nothing of the expense she saves, and there is always a certain degree of grace and finish about the result which a florist, however clever he may be, is sure to lack. Flowers mounted on wires are failures; they never look light and natural, arrange them as you will. As a rule long-stalked flowers look best, although the newest table decorations are flat, as it is *la mode* for everybody to see everybody. One of the latest arrangements is to use flat wooden boards, cut in various shapes. Sand is heaped over these forms, and a layer of green moss covers the sand, with tufts of small-fronded ferns crowning the tops. This pyramid is then covered with pink gladiolus, roses, and geranium blossoms, mingled with maiden-hair fern. Of course other bright flowers are substituted, and if green-house flowers are unattainable, wild flowers and graceful field grasses are very effective.

MOTH PREVENTIVE.—Moths can be kept out of carpets by having the floor washed in strong suds in which borax has been dissolved at the rate of a tablespoonful to a pail of water, and after dusting black pepper on the edges, tack the carpet down again. By this means moths are kept away, and as corners and folds are their favorite hiding places, they are searched out and destroyed. Ingrain and other carpets after being taken up, can be brightened in color by sprinkling a pound or two of salt over their surface and sweeping carefully. It is usual to occasionally wipe off the carpet with borax water, using a wet flannel and taking care not to wet the carpet but only to dampen it.

ECONOMY IN THE KITCHEN.—If we used more unbolted flour and corn meal in making bread and breakfast cakes, a greater variety might be given to our diet, as well as economy consulted. Eggs are often used when they might be easily omitted. Cake and pastry might be made less frequently, and fruit substituted in their stead. Soup might occasionally take the place of the boil, the roast and the broil. There is nothing more nutritious than carefully made soup, and it is the most economical form in which meat can be eaten. The cheapest and boniest parts of beef, or mutton, will do for soup; or it can be made from the liquor in which fresh or salt beef has been boiled.

A THIN coat of varnish applied to straw matting will keep it fresh-looking and durable. Be sure to use white varnish for white matting. A very thin coat of varnish will also preserve oilcloth. It must be carefully scrubbed preparatory to varnishing, and at other times washed with skim milk.

TROUBLESOME FEET.—Persons troubled with feet that perspire or smell offensive, can effect a permanent cure by bathing them every night, or oftener, in a strong solution of borax, using a tablespoon of pulverized borax to a basin of water; two or three weeks of such treatment will probably be found sufficient.

